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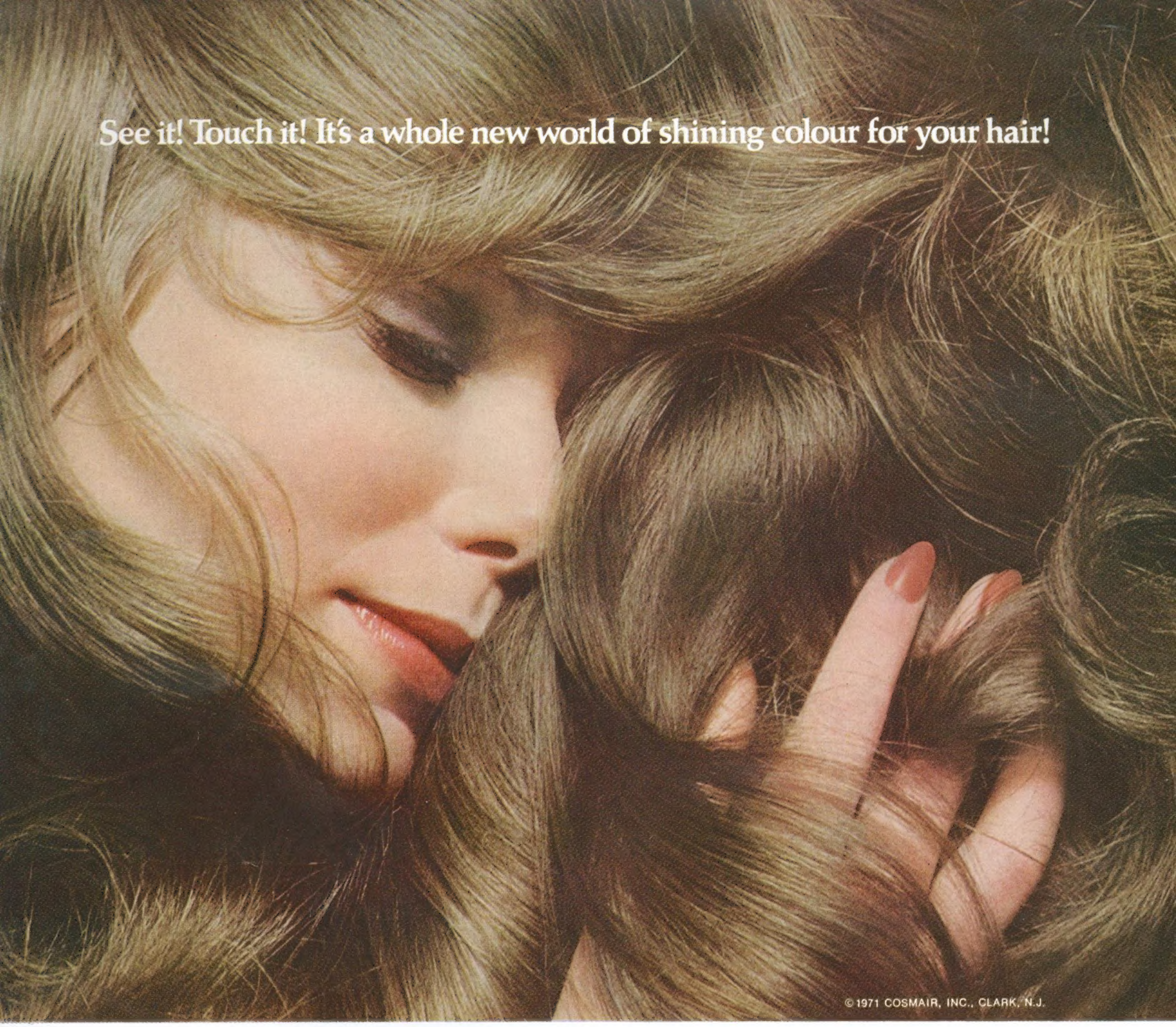
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AVEDON

COVER: Goldie Hawn—all sizzle and shine and bubbles of laughter—starring next in the comedy flick $, and here in Gregory's dotty little clown shirt with ruffles at the neck and wrist and a peplum of flounce. . . . Superbig eyes get a head start from Aziza's new Strata-Gems eye shadows—a compact quartet of Sapphires & Amethysts. Coif: Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon. Richelieu choker, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, of white-and-blue Qiana nylon (Ercea International fabric), about $45. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.

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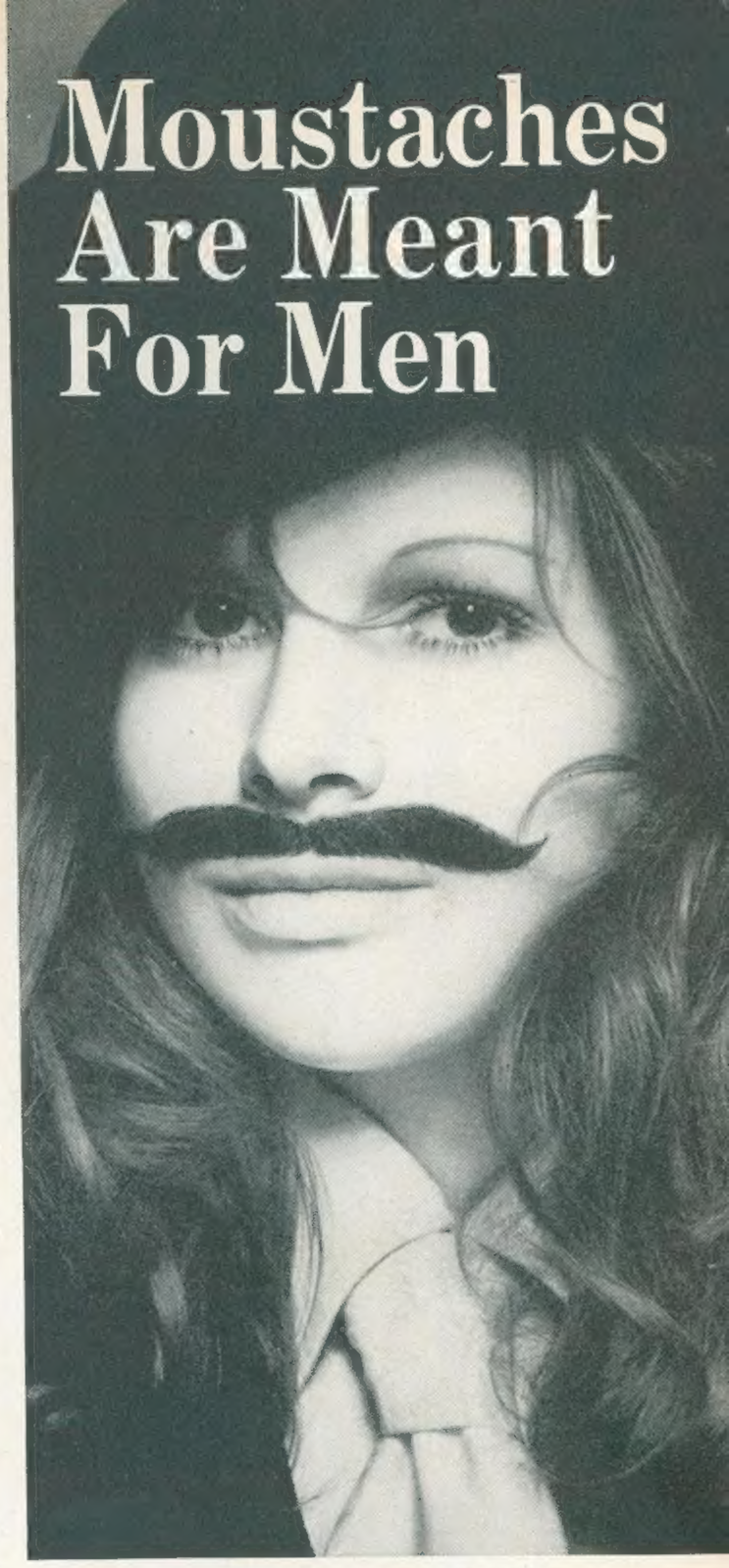
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Moustaches Are Meant For Men



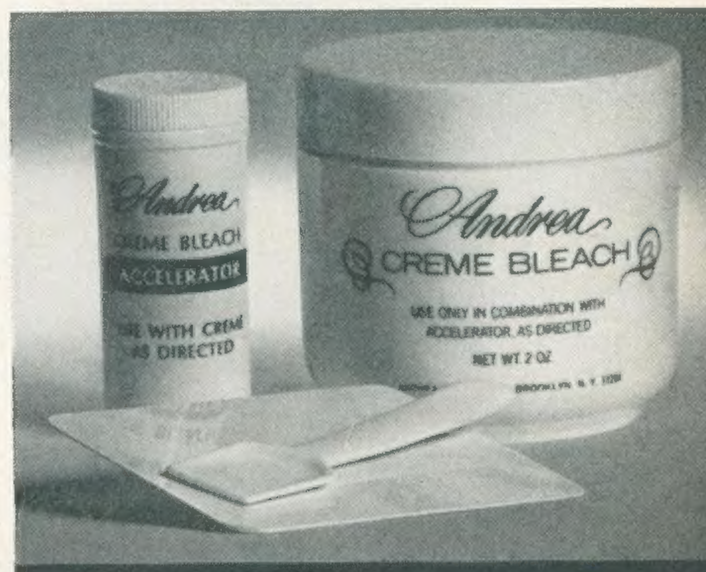
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Jim Galate

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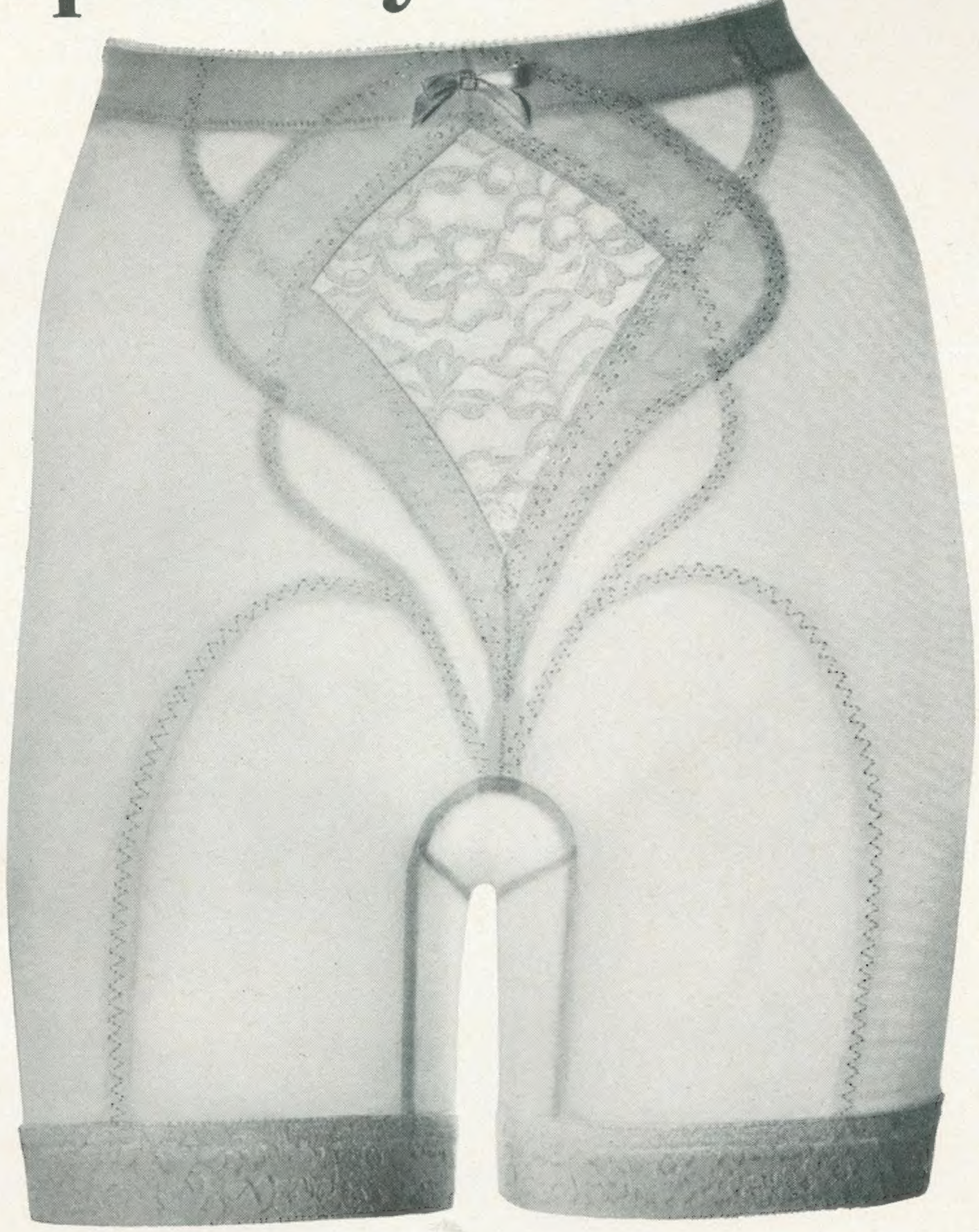
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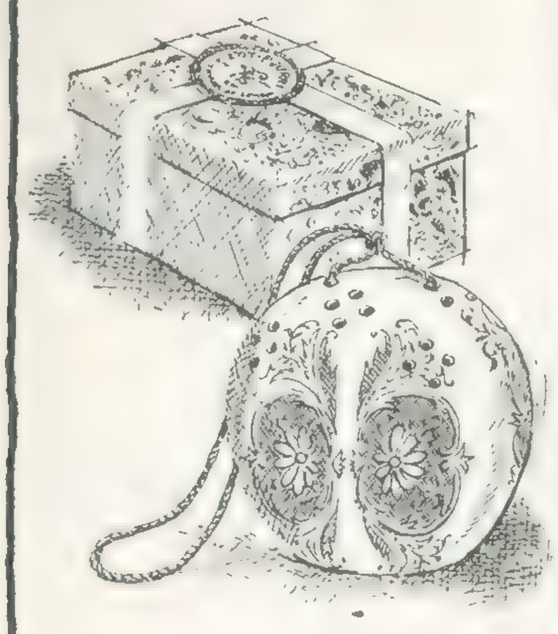
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Chanel's régime d'exubérance

Mademoiselle Gabrielle Chanel had many talents, and perhaps the greatest was her self-discipline. These notes from a Paris friend trace Coco Chanel through a typical day. . . . "Her day began early. She woke at seven or seven-thirty, had breakfast in bed—tea or coffee, and often porridge—and stayed in bed until around nine, talking on the telephone or reading. She always wore white silk pyjamas made at the couture house, and on waking put white wool terrycloth pyjamas over the silk ones, and often tied a white scarf or bow around her head—very coquette. She spent hours at her dressing table with her toilette and maquillage. A coiffeur from Guillaume came every day to do her hair. During all this, she also talked on the phone or saw Raymonde or Lilou from the couture house to find out what was going on. Around one o'clock she walked to the house—she had the walk of a *jeune fille*—usually had friends in for lunch, and after lunch worked, saw visitors, and so forth, until eight or eight-thirty. Often, if she were not terribly busy, she would climb five flights to the top floor *atelier* just to talk and see how things were going. . . . At the Ritz she had a salon, a bedroom, and a bath. Her *femme de chambre* had a room across the hall. Her apartment was not big or grand. Her bedroom was all in white. She once told me she lived there rather than in an apartment at the couture house because she didn't like the idea of sleeping in a place where other people had been living, talking, smoking all day. She had a great *pudeur* (modesty, sense of decency) about her private life. Because of her sense of privacy, no one really knows much about her health habits or rules. Sometimes she took vitamin C, or sporadically a multivitamin if recommended by a friend, but would forget to take it three days later. She always had a good appetite, but always ate and drank in moderation. . . . Raymonde said, 'She knew us all inside out, and she loved us. She always said she couldn't work except in an atmosphere of people who loved her, and she knew just how to get the best out of us. Once, when she had been giving us all a hard time, she suddenly smiled and said, *Vous savez quand je crie je ne suis pas dangereuse. C'est quand je ne dis rien qu'il faut se mefier.*' This enormous zest for work and her passionate interest in life kept her active and young in spirit. She always said, 'I wonder what people do who don't work. I love my work and wouldn't enjoy my life without it.' "

Suddenly there came a tapping

Nevermore? The tap-tapping sound you hear is, believe it or not, tap-dancing. First, it was the *George M!* chorus. Then it was that cute Bernadette Peters tapping her way into the heart of America in *Dames at Sea* . . . and Ann Miller tapping it up in *Mame.* Tapping's a regular on TV's Laugh-In. And, of course, *No, No, Nanette* is tappin' happy on Broadway right now. Which is the whole point. A few tap lessons might be just the thing to stir up lots of good feelings as well as the circulation. Sign up at New York's International School of Dance or Farnworth & Hauer School of Dance . . . or call Dance Magazine, PL 7-3667.

Just browsing

Who's a no-brow now? Veruschka, for one. Marisa Berenson, for two. And Loulou de la Falaise and Naomi Sims for three and four dazzly more. They're thinning or plucking or shaving or bleaching—by whatever means, they're making less of the eyebrow to make more of the brow itself. An unbroken line from the eyes up to hairline is the idea; then, eyebrows diminished, they really go to town with the brushes, the liners, and the eye shadows blended up in uninterrupted waves of colour. None of that hard, pencilled Late Show business. This is all very soft. Young. Delicate. . . . For those who choose to bleach, two agents stand ready: Jolen Creme Bleach and Andrea Bleach. Both are quick, easy, make light of the job. . . .



The Kimberly wool knit cape about $90. The jumpsuit about $100. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin.

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This Matson shirt of Qiana® is devastating, smashing, opulent and, if anybody cares, has great colorfastness, too.



We don't expect you to rush out and buy this Matson shirt of "Qiana" because you've always had a thing about colorfastness.

We know better than most people that women don't buy clothes on the basis of the color not fading.

Nevertheless, since this shirt is made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, it has excellent colorfastness and resistance to fading.

But "Qiana" does things for this blouse that are far more important than that.

Gives it lustrous texture, dazzling color and luxurious folds and drape. Not to mention something quite subjective: a feeling of great elegance when you put it on.

So if you don't mind the idea of buying an exquisite shirt that also has a practical side, you can buy this one in sizes 8 to 18 at Sakowitz, Houston; Bonwit Teller, New York; Martha's, Palm Beach; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin, West Coast.

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(It's wigcraft!)



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TOKYO & OSAKA JAPAN

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Right now, you probably *don't* care. After all, who worries about how a great-looking shirt will look six months from now.

Still, the fact remains that since it's made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, this shirt will keep its fresh, brand-new aesthetics. So when it's an oldie, it will still be a goodie.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

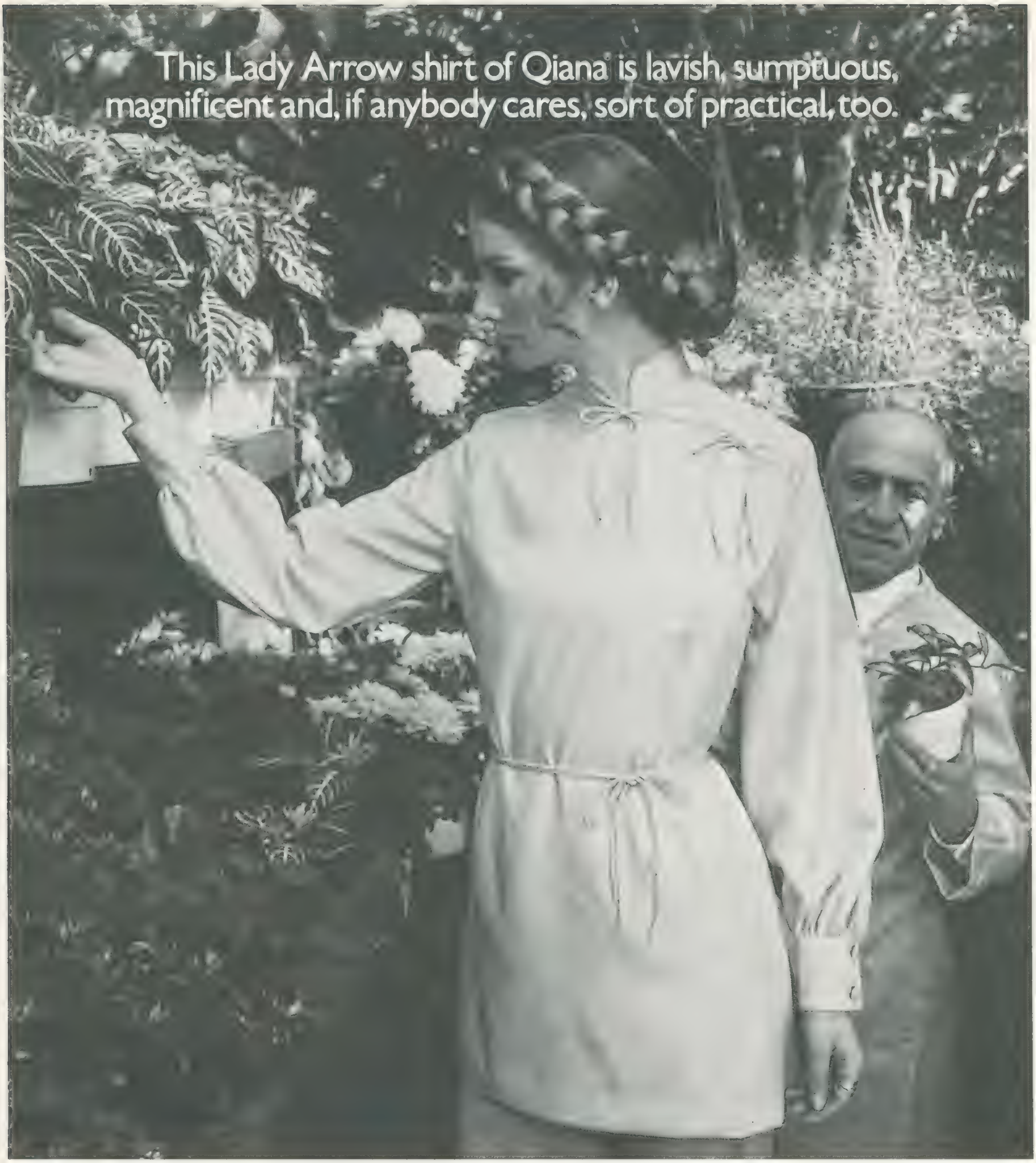
For great hair—a new solution



Flow gently, sweet hair—fresh from a shampoo, here, full of bounce and body, and framing the face with gleam. The shampoo it's fresh from: new and marvellous, with a nice balance of conditioner, texturizer, and protein all built in—developed for women who like to wash their hair often, and want the convenience of all possible hair-helps in one easy bottle. Called Breck Texturizing Shampoo with Protein—not the shortest title, but one worth getting into your head. . . .

Lashing on the outside—no crying on the inside

Dry your tears. you with sensitive skin and eyes, who had to forego, all this while, the benefits of false eyelashes. Clinique, that soother of sensitivities, has come through with new irritant-free lashes—first of their kind—in five great-but-believable degrees of fringiness. Called Supplementary Lashes, every part of them—lashes, band. adhesive, applicator—has gone through a lot of Clinique-al testing, come out hypoallergenic and unblinkingly pure. . . . (More, page 117)



Of course, you won't rush out to buy this shirt because of its practicality.

Nevertheless, since this shirt is made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, it will resist wrinkles and creases better than you'd ever imagine.

Still, "Qiana" does things for this shirt that are even more important.

Gives it a whole new set of aesthetics: luster, color and feel. Not to mention a great luxuriousness when you put it on.

If you like the idea of a great shirt that has a practical side, too, look for this Lady Arrow in sizes 8 to 16, at Stewart's, Baltimore; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Roos/Atkins, San Francisco.

Qiana®
nylon
So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT

Stately-home cooking

British secret strength

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Tradition is a base for the nomad lives of the Ormsby-Gores, five young Britons who make the world their scene, regroup at the Shropshire country house of their childhood, Woodhill. A love-worn house where nothing ever really has been changed, it is just across the border from Wales and the castle of their father, Lord Harlech. At Woodhill, two of these romantics, Francis—the youngest, deeply involved in farming, a dashing, articulate host—and Jane—a vital, child-hugging, fiery-cheeked Welsh beauty who is Mrs. Michael Rainey, conspired with Jane's double-tall Viking-fair husband (also present, their young children, Saffron and Rose) and weekend guests to cook in the vast kitchen a proper English Sunday lunch worthy of the house. This was our menu (recipes follow):

ROAST WELSH LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
ROAST POTATOES
BROAD BEANS IN PARSLEY SAUCE
SUMMER PUDDING

LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE

Ask your butcher to leave the skin on the leg of lamb. With a sharp knife, loosen the skin and slip sprigs of fresh mint between the skin and the meat—nearly cover the meat for maximum flavour. Roast as usual (about 2 hours), starting in a 450° oven; lower to 350° after first half hour.

FOR SAUCE: FINELY CHOP FRESH MINT LEAVES TO MAKE 4 TABLESPOONS, STIR WITH 2 TABLESPOONS DEMERARA (OR LIGHT BROWN) SUGAR AND 1 CUP VINEGAR (MALT OR CIDER). STEEP 3 HOURS, SERVE COLD IN A SAUCEBOAT.

ROAST POTATOES

Scrub unpeeled potatoes and parboil. Arrange around lamb, add a piece of vegetable shortening (egg-size for 10 potatoes) and water to cover the bottom of the pan. Roast with meat until tender, turning once, halfway through.

BROAD BEANS IN PARSLEY SAUCE

The sauce at the top of the next column is a classic from England's all-knowing Victorian cookbook author Mrs. Beeton.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy saucepan; slowly stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Cook a few minutes; then add slowly 1 cup meat stock and 1 cup milk. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Add 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley (do not reboil, colour will fade) and season to taste. Pour sauce over drained broad (or lima) beans that have been barely cooked—still crisp—in a large quantity of boiling salted water.

SUMMER PUDDING

Line a bowl with bread, cutting a circle for the bottom and wedges to fit around it. Choose any soft berries available—especially raspberries; red, white, or black currants; and blackberries—and sliced peeled apples. Simmer fruit in a heavy pan with a little water and sugar to taste (I like this on the tart side) for about 5 minutes, until the fruit yields some of its juice but is not stewed. Spoon into bread-lined bowl. Fit a plate just inside the rim of the bowl and place a weight on top. Let stand in a cool place overnight (or 3 hours in refrigerator). Turn pudding out on a platter and serve with fresh cream.

CHOCOLATE DREAM

A DESSERT FROM LADY HAMILTON, THE SENSATIONAL COMPANION OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH NAVAL HERO LORD NELSON

A recipe taken from More Food for Kings, *the second of two small cookbooks published as money-raisers by the Voluntary Research Trust of King's College Hospital and Medical School in London.*

½ cup fresh whole-wheat bread crumbs
½ cup Demerara (or light brown) sugar
½ cup cocoa
2 tablespoons instant coffee
½ cup light cream
1 cup heavy cream
2 ounces sweet chocolate, coarsely grated, or chocolate chips

Mix crumbs, sugar, cocoa, and coffee powder. Lightly whip creams together. Spread ⅓ of cream in bottom of shallow 1½ quart glass dish. Spread ½ of crumb mixture over cream and press down firmly. Repeat layers, ending with last ⅓ of cream. Keep spatula touching each layer as you spread, to avoid mixing the crumbs into the cream. Sprinkle chocolate over top; chill well (at least 4 hours) before serving.

This Adelaar shirt of Qiana is exquisite, chic, sophisticated and, if anybody cares, dry-cleans beautifully, too.



We realize, perhaps better than anyone, that women don't buy clothes on the strength of how well they dry-clean.

But since this shirt is made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, dry-cleanability is only one of the properties it has.

Even so, "Qiana" does things for this blouse that are far more important than that.

Gives it splendid texture, radiant color and luxurious folds and drape. And, perhaps most important, a feeling of great elegance when you put it on.

So if you don't mind the idea of buying an exquisite shirt that also has a practical side, you can buy this Adelaar shirt in sizes 8 to 18 at Hutzler's, Baltimore; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Bloomingdale's, New York; I. Magnin, West Coast.

Qiana®
nylon
So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.

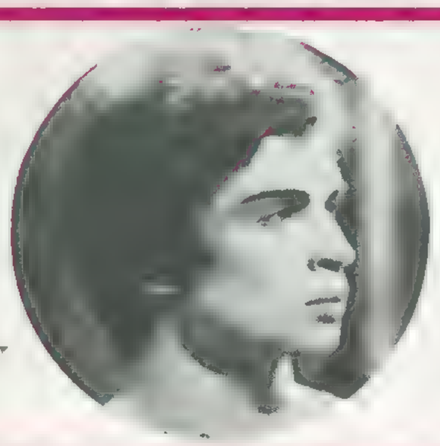
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DUPONT

vogue's

March 15 through March 31

HOROSCOPE



RUDOLF NUREYEV

On March 17, 1938, Rudolf Nureyev was born in the visionary sign of Pisces, with a chart suggesting dreams expressed physically—inspiration acted out, desire visualized. As for all men of destiny, the Aquarian influence is strong, showing a thirst for fame. Loving beauty, he would excite others through action—words bore him. More practical than most artists, this egocentric personality avoids futile acts, uses solitude and meditation to keep an evolved psyche in tune.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. You have a style and mind of your own, rebelling at command yet responding to persuasion. You are original, like to be different. The third week of the month you have much to say—you enjoy verbal gymnastics. Now you are put to the test, for competitors are all around you. Take a breather, then put action to your words. You always come off best when proving your cleverness in the deed—a double winning.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Your tactful ways come from your desire for harmony. A hidden resource is your ability to analyze other people—this is not obvious, since you are not a talker. Shakespeare, another Tauran, had that talent, too. You may be held up by others; stay on course without revealing all your ideas. Silence may be mistaken for acceptance. Well-meaning friends might try to force a promise, but the time is wrong.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Don't waste energy on false starts; quiet your emotions, centre your forces, then let your imagination take over to create the situation you want. Cultivate your voice; you belong among the great speakers. If you have new ideas, during these two weeks exposure in any medium should bring response. At the end of the month, you could be successful in promoting a financial backing for a program you inspired.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. If reason instead of emotion is used, success is more quickly won. Reason regulates growth as a dominant factor in the Cancer personality. Several associates pull you in different directions. This will scatter your forces, stealing your imagination for pursuits that come to nothing. Concentrate on an unfinished task to protect yourself from those who would have you back them at the expense of your own ambitions.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your amiable approach, part of your generosity, stimulates others. Whatever the situation, you have the power to improve it. At the start of this period, three dramatic ideas stir in your mind. First, tackle the one that can be carried out quickly. Second, take the gamble. Finally, work on the idea that requires developing, will bring returns in the future. You will have fulfilled a remarkable potential.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Sometimes your inherent taste for order can keep you occupied with counting the cost or truing the corners—then growth is inhibited. The last week of the month is the time to invest in new endeavours. Conferences with collaborators who may have been too reticent to propose ideas before could produce surprising improvement in the working program. One advertising venture with an artistic slant is a winner.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. A touch of vanity makes you wish to have your talents recognized in every association; your ego is easily crushed when praise is withheld and you withdraw immediately. At the beginning of the last week your health may be pressured by heavy demands from partners or bosses. You will be meeting deadlines. The pressure ends suddenly when the month does; this is an active time for one who requires peace.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Power through justice, a balance of intellect and emotion describe Scorpios; those born then do best in the severe demands of life. They are trouble-shooters, like to fight for causes. Don't worry over a late start this month, at the end of the last week the planets change to suit you. Then ignore the barriers and plough through into your plans. Use your imagination to find shortcuts, time-savers.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. If you are resented or snubbed in your drive for attainment, you do not react with hostility but pursue another idea that you may well bring off. You have come into your own; these two weeks suit your program. Don't lean on anyone else to promote your projects—do it alone. Don't allow over-confidence to weaken your efforts or flatterers to undermine you by feeding your vanity.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. You hold your good name in a nearly religious awe, feeling that it is your identity revealing to the world the quality of your inner consciousness. That is why Capricornians value reputation. These two weeks are full of fits and starts, interruptions and cancellations. Don't try to turn the tide in your favour—time will do that. The Spaniards say, "Let muddy water stand; it will clear itself."

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Your dynamic power and intuitive penetration give you the ability to make decisions quickly. You stand apart; do not be impatient with those on the lower rungs. Expect benefits through new and affluent friends during these two weeks. Startle those in your field with an innovation. You'll be reaching toward the success you are in line for. Stay in control, don't let your efforts be flawed by haste.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Give your hoarded philosophical findings full play now, if you ever expect them to flourish. This period brings two colleagues who are on the same path and urge you onward. Like a musician who solves his problems in his music, you will be soothed by sounds or words. Put vacillation aside and fasten on an effort that suits your talents, knowing planetary forces are favourable to accomplishment.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Photographed at the home of David Roth.



This Gregory & Goldberg shirt of Qiana® is soft, luxurious, elegant and, if anybody cares, wrinkle-resistant, too.

We haven't entirely eliminated the wrinkles from shirts made of Qiana* nylon, but we can say the end of the wrinkle is at hand. Because "Qiana", besides resisting wrinkles, will let you hand-smooth away most wrinkles that just might develop.

But since this blouse is made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, wrinkle resistance and recovery are only two of the properties it has.

"Qiana" does things for this blouse that are far more important than that.

Gives it lustrous texture, radiant color, luxurious folds and drape, and a feeling of great elegance when you put it on.

So if you don't mind the idea of buying an exquisite shirt that also has a practical side, you can buy this Gregory & Goldberg shirt in sizes 8 to 18 at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Lord & Taylor, New York; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

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So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.

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LOVE'S
FRESH
LEMON
CLEANSING
LOTION
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Love's Fresh Lemon.
Everybody's using it everywhere.

For your face.

1. Love's Fresh Lemon Skin Freshener.™
   It tones and refreshes your skin.
2. Love's Fresh Lemon Cleansing Lotion.™
   It moisturizes as it cleans.
3. Love's Fresh Lemon Cleanser.™
   It leaves your face sparkling clean.

For your hair.

4. Love's Fresh Lemon Creme Rinse™
   with Protein.
   It takes out tangles and leaves your hair glossy and full of life.
5. Love's Fresh Lemon Shampoo™
   with Protein.
   It super cleans your hair and leaves it fresh, shiny and easy to manage.

For your body.

6. Love's Fresh Lemon Smoothing Lotion.™
   It smooths and softens all of you.
7. Love's Fresh Lemon Bath Gel.™
   Its lemon bubbles leave your skin fresh and clean.
8. Love's Fresh Lemon Body Mist.™
   It leaves you smelling light, bright and sunny.
9. Love's Fresh Lemon Glossy Powder.™
   It makes your skin feel smooth and silky.
10. New Love's Fresh Lemon Soothing Bath Oil.™
    A moisturizing bath oil that leaves you relaxed, your skin feeling soft and smelling of fresh-cut lemons.
11. New Love's Fresh Lemon Moisturizing Body Foam.™
    A rich lemony foam that leaves your skin sleek, silky and sexy.

Love Cosmetics by Menley & James.

SIMPLE LOVE NEW 1981

All that glitters:

New York's Diamond Ball

A whirl of ambassadors and foreign guests, four hundred people dewy with diamonds and laughter, swept through the Plaza Hotel's Grand Ballroom, for dinner, for dancing—all for the Institute of International Education to promote cultural and educational exchanges between the United States and more than one hundred other countries. Among the special projects: internships in urban planning and international music competitions. Thoroughly, a forty-carat evening.

















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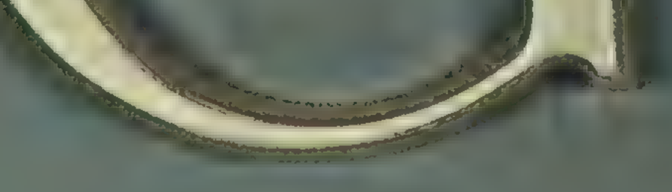


PHOTO BACCI ROME



Some have a gift for relaxed elegance

Too often elegance means cold, unfriendly decorating. Not so with our Grandeur tables. True, they're handsome. And imposing, in their massive proportions. Rich with Mediterranean detailing. But there's a rustic warmth, too, in the turned spindles and gently antiqued oak veneers.* It says sit down. Relax. Take off your shoes, maybe. This is your home. Relaxed elegance. It's a gift worth cultivating. For color folders of Lane furniture, send 25¢ to The Lane Co., Inc., Altavista, Virginia 24517. Sofa by Clyde Pearson, Inc., a division of Lane.

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*ALSO SELECT HARDWOODS, STYRENE ACCENTS

Navy + White = Spring

and means good looks now



1



2

1. *Perry King,* starring opposite Shirley MacLaine in *The Possession of Joel Delaney,* in the new navy: with white, in jacquard weave silk-and-wool double-breasted suit by Christian Dior. $225. Barney's International House, N. Y. . . . **2.** Perry in the new navy: brushed cotton denim unconstructed suit, classic cut with white shirt, navy silk tie . . . and, **3,** new navy: worsted knit weekend suit, jeans-cut, brass-buttoned. Both suits, by H. Borenstein & Sons, each under $100 at Bloomingdale's 59 Shop, N. Y.; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. . . . **4. *Nicolas Surovy,*** of ABC TV's *A World Apart* in the new navy: this spring's Cardin blazer, navy ottoman cotton twill, single-breasted, brass-buttoned flap pockets, $150; white wool turtleneck, $40; grey flannel jeans, $35. Bonwit Teller, N. Y., and his own good-luck grey felt hat. . . .



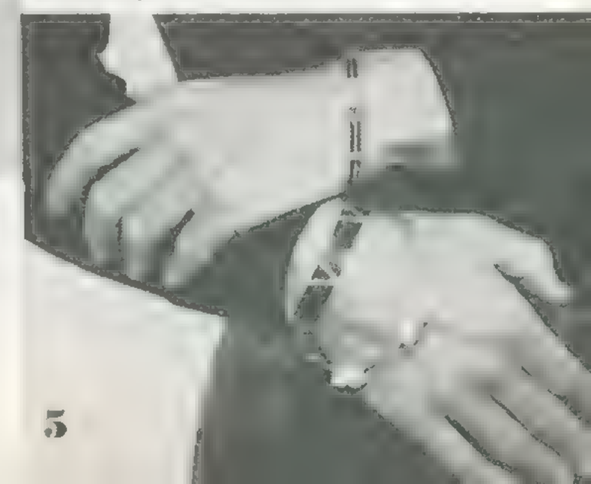
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3

Putting it on: Romantic story behind the naming of Maquis cologne: the maquis is a dense thicket on the rocky cliffs of Corsica . . . taking to the maquis came to mean hiding out, and, later, the name by which French resistance fighters were known in WWII . . . so, with associations of Napoleon's birthplace, and/or late-movie heroes comes Maquis. Four ounces, $6.50. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. . . .

Good luck? Maybe; men are wearing elephant-hair bracelets. **5.** Nine strands encased in silver. $60. Boutique Valentino, 801 Madison Ave.; two, gold-bound, all-silver version: $30 ea. Hunting World, 16 E. 53rd St.



5

JACK ROBINSON



Nobody wants to be the same all the time...Echo knows that. That's why we make so many, many kinds of scarfs—to fit so many different moods...some are gay and lively, an Indian look, or a wild harlequin geometric...some are romantic whispers, like our long chiffon floats, or our peasant shawls. And the best of all—our special springtime ones, pretty ginghams, sweet provincials, even hearts and flowers! Pick a mood...or two...from Echo. The scarf people who know about women.

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Available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Garfinckel's, Washington; Sakowitz, Houston; Gus Mayer, all stores; I. Magnin, all stores; and all fine stores or write Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. Also Echo Scarfs in Canada, 400 Blvd. de Maisonneuve, West, Room 800, Montreal.

MARCH 15, 1971

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS

Rest assured: the sexy leg has never left us. Paris shows the leg for all it's worth . . . in short shorts . . . through wonderful slits and slashes . . . legs veiled by layers of bias floats of transparent georgette to the ground . . . and with flippy little dresses stopped at the knee. . . . To accentuate the leg nude stockings are back in a big way. . . . In this year of many lengths, the couture zeros in on the knee, placing the popular hemline a bit above it, at the kneecap, or several inches below. . . . Clothes have a narrow, supple young line that demands a whole new proportion set by the ankle-strapped shoe, the wrapped throat, and the small neat head—hair cropped, in a chignon, or hidden completely by a delicious close little cap. Everything else falls in between. . . . Flashy, happy clothes. . . . The slightly wider shoulder, trim, trig, with a very high small armhole. . . . The hint of a dolman sleeve. . . . Blazered suits and dresses. . . . (Continued)

Saint Laurent

Square-shouldered blazers and little silk dresses

Two of the happiest looks in Paris. Navy crêpe de Chine dress striped in stars, *far left*, blazered in navy piped with white. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Left, another flippy little dress printed with fleurs-de-lis in yellow, black, and white, blazered in yellow piped with black. Close little hats for this look, and strapped shoes with high heels. Crêpe de Chine by Abraham. Navy serge by Dormeuil. Scotlaine yellow gabardine.

JOHN COWAN





PARIS

(Continued) The flash of white coats....
Often black-and-white Oxfords
and pumps.... The happiest, gala colours:
lots of scarlet...navy with white...
rainbow tweeds mixing red, purple,
magenta...leather and suède...
charming small prints—red and black
fleurs-de-lis on white or calico posies,
polka dots, and stripes all mixed
together....Crêpe de Chine dresses that
flutter against the body like little
scarfs—divine to wear. Everything moves.
Nothing is static. This is Paris
and *joie de vivre* and springtime
are on the move....
These collections from the great
couture houses of Paris—the experimental
laboratories of fashion—are showing
us the shifts in the fashion winds....
Let's go with the wind...ride with it...
keep a weather eye on it,
for it is these great couturiers
and the Paris couture that make
the cuts, the proportion
that set the shifts of fashion.

Saint Laurent

The flash of
white coats...the
wider shoulders...
the high armholes

Narrow white ribbed jersey
topcoat breezing through
the Place de la Concorde,
far left, with wide peaked
lapels, knotted plaid chiffon
scarf. Of Garigue wool.
To order at I. Magnin.
Scarf, ankle-strapped shoes,
by Saint Laurent.
Belted white whipcord coat,
near left, slim and
beautifully cut, with the
new high, wider raglan sleeve,
deep patch pockets. Of
Prudhomme fabric. At I. Magnin.



PARIS

Dior

The big white polo coat wraps up for spring

How about this for walking the doggies around the Hôtel de Soubise? —the wider-shouldered, big-collared, big-pocketed, double-breasted bright white blanket-cloth coat, *far left*—the one every woman on earth is going to want to wrap herself up in. Sensational! With printed silk wrapped at the throat, nude stockings, black-and-white Oxford ties—and invisible clouds of Miss Dior perfume wafting to the heavens. Coat, of Bosch-Forneris wool. At Marshall Field. To order at I. Magnin.

Grès

The little greige topcoat shows its shorts

So trig, so pretty and correct—the look of this greige wool topcoat, *left*, double-faced in white, and buttoned just twice so you never lose sight of what's underneath—the ivory linen shirt, the white leather belt, and the legs in their perfect, narrow greige wool shorts and paler greige strawcloth boots. Plus Grès's Cabochard perfume to round out the picture...which, as on the opposite page, was photographed at the Hôtel de Soubise in the Archives Nationales....Moreau wool. Guillemin linen. Boots by Roger Vivier for Grès. Turnout, to order at I. Magnin.

PARIS

Cardin

Little capped heads and the swing of bias-cut navy

How beautifully they move through the streets of Paris—Cardin's bright navy double-faced topcoat and suit jacket, *this page*, with their single-seamed, straight-cut backs and bias-cut fronts, and no closures of any kind...they're simply held...or they flow as they fall....The coat, near right, falling in scallops over a white wool dress. Coat, of Petillault wool. To order, Bonwit Teller....The hip-length jacket, far right, rippled over a straight matching skirt and navy-and-white crocheted overblouse. Suit, of Forneris wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Dior

The close-capped head and the dash of the navy cardigan

New jacket-and-dress look racing along in the Paris sunshine, *opposite*—the collarless, buttonless, wide-shouldered cardigan in bright navy, banded and double-faced in clear-sky blue over a belted navy dress, slit up the front...all the better to see the flash of nude-stockinged legs and well-strapped feet....Turnout, of Bosch-Forneris wool and rayon. To order at I. Magnin. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Dior cap, shoulderbag, sandals.







JOHN COWAN

PARIS



Saint Laurent

The femme du monde in a pinstriped blazer pants suit and marvellous fluffy fox boa

Luggage-and-beige pinstriped pants suit, *far left*—plus topaz fox boa, purple chiffon scarf, emerald satin shirt. Besson serge. Turnout, to order at I. Magnin. Shoes: Saint Laurent. .

Scherrer

Little girl on her way to everywhere in white leather shirt and black leather shorts

Shorts and drawstring shirt, *left*, worn with more black and white—straw fedora, knee socks, and fringed walking shoes. Fedora by Jean-Louis Scherrer. Shoes by Mancini.



PARIS

Grès

The cape rolls on over culottes and boots

Navy wool, *far left*, double-faced in navy-red-and-white plaid—the cape as only Grès can cut it: round and rippling…to swirl about the body and hurl over one shoulder…to wrap close and swing open. And when it swings open…there comes the leg in matching plaid culottes and navy strawcloth boots. Plus a little white knitted pullover tucked down and belted. Boots by Roger Vivier for Grès. Turnout, of Moreau wool, to order at I. Magnin.

Givenchy

The blazer goes to town over shorts, slits, and ankle-strapped espadrilles

Here's a fine sporting day on the avenue Georges V, *left*—the dapper double-breasted blazer in black linen, the slit skirt in white. Then the skirt unwraps —*et voilà*: short white linen shorts underneath. Givenchy's black-and-white scarf, black patent shoulderbag, and his great perfume—Le De—carried on the wind. The new ankle-strapped espadrilles, by Mancini for Givenchy. Moreau linen turnout, to order: Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

PARIS



Chanel

The serenity of the master hand

What a divine sweater-and-skirt look, *right*—so modern, easy, and luxurious—from who else but the one who started it all.... Short-sleeved ivory crochet pullover and pleated navy jersey skirt, belted with navy-threaded gold chain and loosely scarfed under a raincoat of ivory fake crocodile (Bucol fabric). Wool pullover and skirt, at Lord & Taylor.... Photographed in the rue Cambon, where even the everyday air seems fragrant with No. 5.... The one and only Chanel suit, *far right*, in black wool crêpe with all those precious details—the bow and the epaulettes, the narrow perfect sleeves and tiny armholes, the immaculate white cotton collar, the gardenia, the gold chain tucked in a pocket. Serene and perfect.... Chanel jewellery, both pages, and Guillaume coiffures.



PARIS

Givenchy

The safari suit—
pocketed, belted,
buttoned all the way...
the sweater-and-skirt
look...and the divine
ankle-strap espadrille

Givenchy's velours denim safari suit, *near right*, in beige, with buttons...and the leg comes through in nude stockings and shiny brown espadrille wedgies strapped around the ankles. Fabric by Uco. Givenchy pulls it all together, *far right*, for the girl who lives in separates—pleated navy-and-white cotton skirt edged in grosgrain and bow-tied at the waist, navy ribbed silk pullover, big navy straw hat. Cotton by Gros-Roman. Both pages: shoes by Mancini for Givenchy. Everything at Boutique Givenchy, Paris. ...And in the air, another marvellous new Givenchy —his perfume Givenchy III.







Courrèges

Everything is
d'accord and up—
and every girl
is going to
live in his little
undershirt tops
this summer

Cut-out undershirt, *opposite page and above*. In black with white initials and white with white—small, sheer stretches of knit to wear with just about everything.... Here with short shorts, shiny boots, and the Courrèges baseball caps—the ones his girls waved to the tune of "Goodbye, Mr. Winter, Goodbye."... Shirts, from Prototype, the Courrèges couture group. Short-sleeved undershirt, *near left*—thin white jersey with snaps at the top, over a tiny white bikini. From Collection Maille, the new knit group. Early April at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.

PARIS

Courrèges

Legs in white pants,
legs in white socks
—happy, snappy
separates for modern,
fast-moving girls

White wool pants, *right*, and a new longer jacket in sunny yellow wool snapped with chrome. Plus the Courrèges baseball cap to send it off in smiles. Courrèges Couture Future. To order: Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Happy legs, snappy plaid, *far right*: navy-and-white snap-front skirt plus everybody's favourite—the short navy denim jacket, stitched and snapped in white. With a white ribbed top, white knee socks and sneakers, spanking white gloves. Turnout of Tergal, from the ready-to-wear Hyperbole collection. Carita coiffures.

DAVID BAILEY





PARIS



Saint Laurent

Black jersey jumpshorts living it up at La Coupole ...and a snappy jade-green fox chubby to snuggle it up

Leggy little jumpshorts, *far left*, with a pavé diamond zipper to dip the décolletage; and, *near left*, the jade fox chubby that covers everything—except sheer black tights, coquette sandals strapped around the ankles. Jumpsuit of Racine silk....Adding to the ambience, the fragrance of Saint Laurent's perfume, Y.

JOHN COWAN

PARIS



Saint Laurent

The beautiful transparencies— polka dots with a pinstriped pants suit...sheer floating layers of midnight-blue mousseline

The surprise under a perfectly tailored pinstriped blazer, *left*—a transparent halter of wine-red polka-dot chiffon, tied at the side of the neck. Pants suit of navy serge with red pinstripes; Besson fabric, with Gandini chiffon. Saint Laurent's flowy, blowy evening dress, one of the most ravishing in the world, *right*—sheer billowing sleeves and layers of midnight-blue mousseline veiling and unveiling your legs as you move. Of Bianchini fabric, with three pavé diamond stars at the throat. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Holt Renfrew of Canada.

DAVID BAILEY



PARIS



Givenchy

Vivid Paisley
slashed over shorts
for evening

Wrapped and belted organza
shirtdress with full-blown
sleeves, *left*, slit waist-high
to show narrow little
matching shorts in brilliant
reds, violets, and magenta.
With a small print scarf high
on the throat over a blaze
of fiery, facetted stones...
and Givenchy's wonderful new
ankle-strapped espadrille
in the same vibrant Paisley.
Turnout, of Abraham silk.
To order at Marshall Field.
Necklace by Givenchy.
Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy.

Cardin

Petal panels
fluttering open
over shorts

Cardin's famous skirt, *right*,
with flying, petal-shaped
panels that open like a Japanese
lantern...this time, pale
ivory organza in a ravishing old
English wallpaper print,
fluttering open to reveal tiny
shorts of the same print.
Of Bianchini silk organza.
At Saks Fifth Avenue.
Wig by Carita....All Paris
coiffures, these pages, by Carita.

DAVID BAILEY





THE BLAZER PLUS
SEPARATES IN
NAVY AND WHITE



THE SWING OF A
RED COAT, THE DASH
OF A RED FEDORA

VALENTINO

THE NEW SHORTS
THE NEW PROPORTIONS

DAVID BAILEY



Left: White wool shirtcoat slit over white wool shorts—the sharp new daytime proportion with a belted beige-and-white checked shirt, white over-the-knee socks, and Oxford ties in beige and white. Plus the marvellous wide-brimmed fedora that topped off Valentino's day looks. Martha. To order: I. Magnin. *Far left:* Natty white blazer, navy and white separates—navy wool pullover, navy-on-white pinstripe shirt, pleated skirt in white-on-navy pinstripes, and navy legs. Turnout at Lord & Taylor. To order: I. Magnin. Earrings by Geneviève Clement. *Above left:* Wrapped red cashmere coat stitched in white. Swinging over a red-and-white diamond-print shirtdress and scarf, red legs. Agnona fabric. Martha. To order: I. Magnin. Coiffures, opposite: Carita. *Right:* Red-hot red all the way—Pilar paints the town in a charmeuse shirt and shorts, suède-and-satin belt, V'd tights, satin sandals. Valentino Boutique turnout. Silk charmeuse by Bises. At Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros., Neusteters, I. Magnin. Coiffure: Sergio Russo of Alexandre. Makeup by Gil of Max Factor. Both pages: shoes by Dal Co for Valentino; stockings, Fama for Valentino.

PILAR CRESPI

R-R-R-RED TOP TO TOE

ELIZABETTA CATALANO

FLOUNCES
OF ORGANDIE
FLOWERS



VALENTINO

Masses of red-and-white chiffon dots, *above*, split open over red shorts, red legs. And everything billows—the sleeves, the wide skirt, the long wrapped scarf. At the waist, Valentino's new belt—clasped with a jewelled Buddha head. Dress fabric: Gandini. Earrings: Scemama.... Valentino's garden party, *left*, in black organdie printed with bunches of daisies and red-ripe cherries...tiers of red-ribboned flounces spilling from the neckline, wafting around the skirt...daisies at the waist. Bises fabric. Dresses, Lord & Taylor. To order: I. Magnin. Carita coiffures.



THE GREAT AMERICAN

shirt life



Jane's the kind of girl who likes to find an adventure waiting each morning when she wakes up. She loves to bounce out and do things, whizz off and see people, roll up her shirt-sleeves and run—to the beach, to the store, to make a movie... her latest, *Romance of a Horse Thief* with Yul Brynner and Serge Gainsbourg, has kept her on the run for months in Yugoslavia. Back in Paris, Jane lets down her shirt-sleeves for evening, along with all that thick long brown hair. And she's completely at home in her own flat or anyone else's; here, it's the apartment of a terrific young decorator, François Catroux, and his dashing blond wife Betty.... **Jane lives it up in a white voile shirt,** far left, that's just one sheer beautiful plunge, wrapped with a corselet of Goya-red satin over a swirl of black skirt. Shirt by Kay Busgang for Alice Stuart, in Dacron and cotton. About $11. Corselet by Helene MacGregor for The Chelsea Cobbler. Shirt at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; J. W. Robinson. **When you let down your shirt-sleeves,** near left, really make a point of it—like the crisp, clean white cuffs on this white-striped white tunic-shirt Jane is wearing with white lace legs. Sibley-Coffee cotton shirt. Seltzer & Diamond fabric. About $75. Also at Nan Duskin. Tights: Bonnie Doon.

JANE BIRKIN LIVES IT UP HERE AND ON THE NEXT SIX PAGES

PATRICK LICHFIELD



THE

shirt life

WITH SHORTS, KNICKERS . . . AND JANE BIRKIN

Take an Edwardian swell's shirt and tie, this page, white-on-white stripes with a hairline of terra-cotta—strap it with studded leather, wrap it with a taupe poplin cape over matching shorts . . . you've a look that's ready to roll, today, tomorrow, any day. Cotton shirt from the Custom Shop. About $14. Tie, about $7. Cotton cape and shorts by Luba for Elite. Junior sizes. Belt: Elegant. Watch: Sheffield. Cape, about $80; shorts, about $24. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. **Shoulderbag, wristwatch, grommetted belt** —they're all part of the strapping shirt look, left: chamois shantung safari-shirt and fawn suède knickers. Lady Arrow shirt; Qiana nylon (Rosewood fabric). Celia Sebiri bag at Henri Bendel. Watch: Jacques Ferré Design for Simonelle. Belt by Elegant. Shirt, about $25. Rogers Peet; The Denver. Joanna Rubens for El Greco knickers, $68. From Paradisia Boutique at Thayer McNeil.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



THE

shirt life

WITH JUMPSHORTS, NECKTIE . . . AND JANE BIRKIN

Shine in your shirt-sleeves, shine in your shorts, left—it's all one and the same with this sleek little navy jump you belt down under a wide-open skirt. Button-down-front jersey jumpshorts by Weber, of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills). Belt by Garay. Jumpshorts, about $30, at Bloomingdale's (New York); The Denver; Joseph Magnin. Khaki wool skirt by Cacharel, $45, at Bloomingdale's. **The striped shirt right off his back,** right—it's the freshest thing you can put on yours; wear it wrapped with its own giant tie, strapped with leather at the waist. Shirt, from the Custom Shop, in Burgundy-and-white cotton stripes. About $14. Necktie, about $7. Belt by D'Naz.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

VOGUE, March 15, 1971



THE

shirt life

FOR EVENING WITH BRITCHES, SHORTS . . . AND JANE BIRKIN

This navy knit undershirt, right, is out on top for some of your dashiest looks—with little print britches and white lace legs is the way we see it for evening. Shirt by Gregory, of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric). About $16. Watches: Seiko, Universal Geneve. Elegant belt. Shirt at Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; O'Neil's; Joseph Magnin. . . . There's a nifty, shiny kind of sleek about **the hooded dinner shirt** Jane's in, top right; she wears it seductively open and wrapped—with a big gleaming buckle and black right down to her toes. Shirt by Florence Alper for Contessa Monique, of Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric); about $36. Belt by MiShelly Creations for Bonwit Teller. This page: Belle-Sharmeer tights; Rayne shoes. Shirt at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. . . . **Short shorts, long legs,** far right, and a really fast plunge, almost to the waist—you can hardly wait for night to come so you can be your most adorable in it, just like Jane. Shirt and shorts by Matson, in Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric). Hector Jorge choker. D'Naz belt. Shirt, about $30; shorts, about $18. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz and Frost Bros.



"Alas, Poor Ilyich,"
RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN doesn't know who he is

Somewhere behind Richard Chamberlain's played-down front is a periodic spasm of self-doubt that saves him from the ringletted, lace-cuffed hell that otherwise could be his fate as an actor. At thirty-five, Richard Chamberlain is on the spot. His switch from Dr. Kildare to Hamlet—a well publicized identity crisis that began over nine years ago when he was getting a record twelve thousand letters a week for his famous television rôle—hasn't quite caught on. His latest impersonation, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky in Ken Russell's *The Music Lovers*, is god-awful. ("You can't call it the sixth symphony, Peter. Call it 'pathetic.' ") Chamberlain has fiercely exiled himself from Blair Hospital and televisionland to England, where he is "learning," he said, "to speak": With a televised Hallmark Hall of Fame *Hamlet* behind him, he intends to continue with Shakespeare. As a result of his *Richard II* in Seattle, he is thinking about bringing the play to Off-Broadway and himself back to this country. "I left America because I was drowning. I didn't want the spotlight. I only wanted to know *I* knew what I was doing." Sexy in a wounded kind of way, surprisingly skinny, with hooded blue eyes and a deadpan West Coast accent warmed up with broad vowels, Chamberlain is remarkably easy about the risks, scared about losing his privacy. "I want to work. I couldn't care less about being Richard Chamberlain—you know, the actor fellow."

JACK ROBINSON

"I don't care what you say, I LIKED

CATCH-22

CROMWELL

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS

LITTLE BIG MAN

RYAN'S DAUGHTER"

By Anthony West

I find that I am more and more often coming away from movies with the wrong reactions. I was told, for instance, that it was my cultural duty to like ***Husbands*** and ***Five Easy Pieces;*** but I found myself, as I thought, being conned by some slick camera work into watching a number of mediocrities wallowing in their mediocrity. The two films made me recall Bertrand Russell's remark about the book of poems called *Look! We Have Come Through!* that D. H. Lawrence wrote about his early days with Frieda: "I'm glad to hear they're all right, but I don't think I want to *look.*" I was told to dislike ***Cromwell*** by the best authorities, who assured me that I would see nothing better than a parcel of actors "waddling around in Puritan bloomers and then standing still to make speeches at each other." But the story of King Charles's destruction by his own stubborn pride in his rôle as the anointed of God and of Cromwell's corruption and conversion into a monster by the strength of his conviction that he knew what God wanted him to do constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in English history. The film had to be worth seeing, if only to find out what they had done with it—and it was. The same thing happened to me with ***Ma Nuit Chez Maud*** and ***Anne of the Thousand Days.*** They all told me I ought to like the first—it broke new ground, apparently, because one of the characters mentioned Pascal, and even quoted him. The story turned out to be a true-confessions job, and I found the images in which it was presented dispiriting and dull. When I went to *Anne of the Thousand Days,* I found myself watching another of the great stories that you can't go wrong with, about the mangling of a girl by the machines of power in a half-civilized state where the axe was always at hand among the silks and brocades. It may be perverse of me to find the spectacle of Anne Boleyn getting in over her head on a power struggle she doesn't understand more engaging (in the existentialist sense) than that of Holly Woodlawn doing something quaint with a beer bottle in the presence of his roommate, but such is the hierarchy of interest and importance as I see it.

Some of the films that have astonished me lately have been ***Little Big Man, Catch-22,*** and ***Ryan's Daughter.*** I was told that *Little Big Man* was a sort of failed ***Cat Ballou.*** This surprised me because Thomas Berger who wrote the book had very cleverly and artfully written a tragedy of the clash of cultures in the form of a folk story, not a joke; and I didn't believe that anyone as bright as Arthur Penn could miss the point. He hasn't, and Dustin Hoffman as the martyred clown who is the real victim-hero is just marvellous.

I was warned off *Catch-22* on the amazing grounds (a) that it wasn't as good as that *schlock* (but funny) garrison comedy ***M*A*S*H,*** and (b) that it had fouled up a good book about World War II in order to make some sort of relevant comment on the war in Viet Nam. This again surprised me because (a) I couldn't imagine that Mike Nichols could ever make a picture as consistently dull to look at as *M*A*S*H* was, and (b) I know that Joseph Heller's book was about the greatest of all subjects, the fear of death, and not about any war in particular. It was in fact about a war that went on inside his head. I was sent a set of bound proofs shortly before the book was published, and I well remember the electrification of interest that its first few pages gave me. I had exactly the same electrification at the beginning of Mike Nichols' film, when the base came alive and the B25 bombers began taxiing from dispersal to group at the end of the runway before taking off through the ripples of its built-in mirage. This had the exact feel of what is strange, frightening, and, in a horrible way, beautiful about war; and it was the perfect prelude to the long build-up to the appalling moment when Yossarian pulls the zipper on the wounded man's flying suit and sees just what it is that there is to be afraid of. I am pretty well sure that most of the criticism of this movie that I have read have been defensive reactions to this shot—people don't want to admit that it has got to them, just as they don't want to admit that the horrors in Ken Russell's brilliant ***The Music Lovers*** have got to them: They deny its beauties and jeer at it to demonstrate their immunity from its assault on their sensibilities.

Something of the same kind happens with *Ryan's Daughter.* This is a weepie, like ***Love Story,*** and like *Love Story* it works. And, boy, do we hate it for working. It's an easy picture to object to—the surges of thick, sweet music that boil up, like a gusher of treacle coming in, whenever the heroine's sexual appetites are aroused, are hard to take (as are the squalls that accompany their satisfaction); but all that's ridiculous, trite, and obvious in this film doesn't signify when you set it off against the wealth of staggeringly beautiful images that it has to offer. The great Atlantic storm that blows up in its gun-running episode would by itself make it worth seeing, and there are half a dozen sequences, such as that in which a class of raggedy brats let out of school for an hour of nature study scatters across an enormous beach with all the huge barren emptiness of Western Ireland behind it, which are a sheer delight. And if you aren't moved by the story of the Irish schoolmaster's wife's affair with the battle-broken English officer and her husband's unwilling comprehension of it, it won't be because there's anything wrong with the film or with the story. And yes, it's all right, too, not wanting Ali MacGraw to die in *that one,* and being sorry when she does—you don't have to be ashamed of those reactions either. They may even be the right ones to have when the chips are down. ▼

MAYAKOVSKY 1893–1930

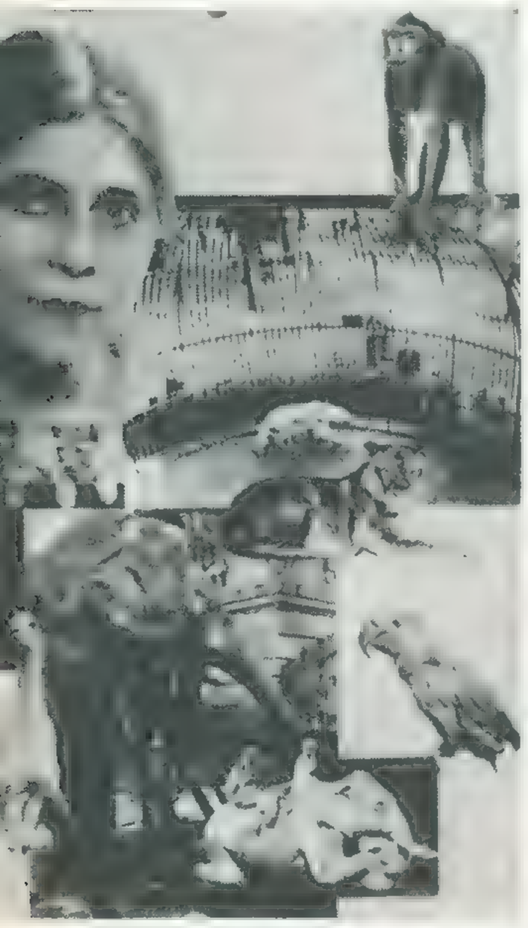
RUSSIAN, POET FOR THE FUTURE, REBEL AGAINST THE PAST

"Let there be an outcry, let there be abuse, let there be confusion: anything rather than silence, dead icy silence." ***—Gorki***

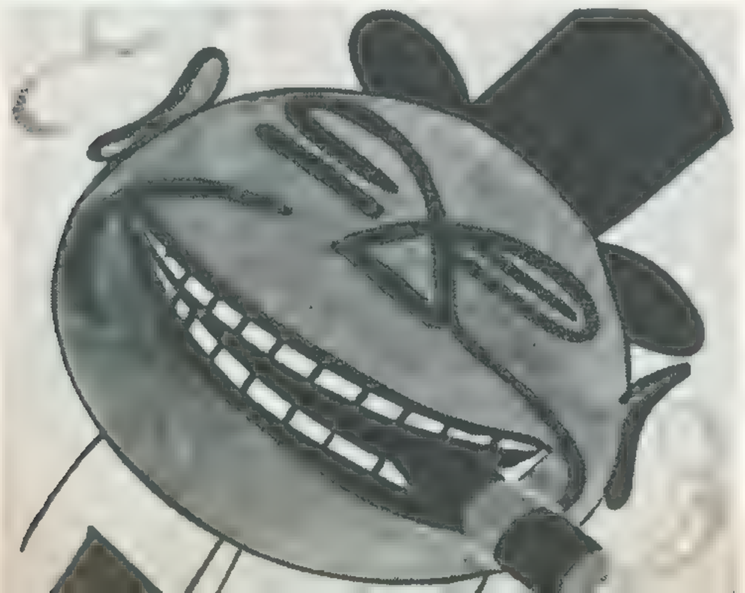


BY ALFRED KAZIN

A documentary biography, Wiktor Woroszylski's *The Life Of Mayakovsky* (Orion Press) has its drawbacks, for it has been translated from the Polish, which means that the original Russian accounts of the famous Soviet poet's life have been translated twice. This makes for some dreary semi-English. But at a time when Soviet writers seem more under wraps than ever, when the Soviet literary commissars are as usual trying to repress everything bold, original, critical, vital, this book, *The Life of Mayakovsky,* brings home to us the marvellous avant-garde tradition in Russian poetry, painting, drama (and personal conduct) in the early years of this century.



Mayakovsky, right, the art student. A photo-collage, left, by Alexander Rodchenko (whose work is now on exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art in New York) for Mayakovsky's poems, About This, including a photograph of Mayakovsky's love, Lila Brik. Detail, below, from a revolutionary poster by Mayakovsky.



Mayakovsky died a suicide in 1930 at the age of thirty-six, and was promptly, as the great Russian poet Osip Mandelstam said bitterly, turned into a "state poet." Stalin had a great square in Moscow named after him, and there is a prominent statue of him before which dissident poets today often gather. It is so natural, now, to think of the arts in Russia as utterly conformist that it is an exhilarating experience—reading this life of a stormy, always provocative poet who reminds one so much of Hart Crane and e.e. cummings—to realize how many "wild," thoroughly spontaneous, and dedicated artistic groups there were among the Russian poets even in the first years after the Revolution.

Mayakovsky was an active Bolshevik agitator and poster maker before the Revolution, was jailed for his activities, and in jail became a "futurist." Futurism was a literary cult of skyscrapers, automobiles, airplanes, technological progress, and the like that could have flourished only in the innocent days before World War I. (When Mayakovsky came to America in the 'twenties and saw what the real technological future was like, he fled to Paris.) But Russian futurism was at least a deliberate attempt to break with the pieties of tradition. One manifesto was called "Slap to the Public's Taste." Mayakovsky and his friends wrote with joy: "Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, etc., etc., must be thrown overboard from the steamer of the Present Time. . . . All those Maxim Gorkis, Kuprins. . . . From the height of skyscrapers we look at their littleness!" Another manifesto was called "Go to the Devil!" and when it appeared in the almanac *Roaring Parnassus,* it was confiscated by the censor.

Maxim Gorki himself said that the Italians, who invented futurism, needed it to "get out from under those massive vaults. . . . But here, in Russia, there is no terror of the past, we are not oppressed by antiques." Gorki, a friend of Mayakovsky, saw: "There is really no Russian futurism, there's just Mayakovsky." He affectionately called him "a hooligan. A hooligan due to his shyness. . . . He is abnormally sensitive, ambitious, and attempts to hide all this behind his wild excesses." But Gorki added, in words that apply more to Russian writers today than ever—"Let there be an outcry, let there be abuse, let there be confusion; anything rather than silence, dead icy silence."

Mayakovsky wrote a two-act tragedy called *Vladimir Mayakovsky* and liked to do a bit in it. *The Bedbug,* his marvellous satire on a pompous Soviet bureaucrat, was directed by

the great Meyerhold, with Mayakovsky as assistant director and music by Shostakovich. When Shostakovich asked Mayakovsky what kind of music he wanted, Mayakovsky replied: "The kind that would be played by a firemen's band." And marvellous to relate, Mayakovsky actually trained the actor playing the Soviet bureaucrat to imitate Mayakovsky's own gestures! He was an enormous erratic giant of a man, always in love and love-torn, openly, beautifully disreputable in a way that seems inconceivable in Russia today. Once, when the night porter in a Moscow hotel would not let him in to see the famous literary scholar and translator Kornel Chukovsky, Chukovsky gladly stood in an alley behind the hotel reading Mayakovsky his translations of Walt Whitman.

As early as 1921, Chukovsky called Mayakovsky "a poet of movement, dynamics, wind storms . . . from his very first poems, everything rushes and gallops somewhere. . . . As if the war and then the revolution began especially for him. Without war and revolution he simply could not get along." Critics noticed that in his poems Mayakovsky usually imagined himself standing before large, listening crowds, appealing to a mass audience, and turning himself into a street poet, a public poet, "in the guise of an Apache."

Mayakovsky tried to be both the poet of revolution and the poet of his own lyric, disorganized, spontaneous self. He tried to be a good Communist without joining the party, to express and use all his own wayward impulses in a society whose real aim was a monolithic man. He was madly in love for years with Lila Brik (the sister of the poet Elsa Triolet), and lived with her and her husband Osip Brik in a *ménage à trois*. In the magazine *Left Front* he with his friends became the last visible symbol of the attempt to keep the artistic ideals of the Russian avant-garde alive under Communism. But he fell afoul of the constantly interfering, pompous, ignorant "proletarian" literary bosses. When he produced a long memorial poem to Lenin, one Communist poet complained: "Your poem is really 'I and Lenin,' while I want Lenin without your 'I.' " Mayakovsky replied, "What you really want is poetry without my 'I'. . . ."

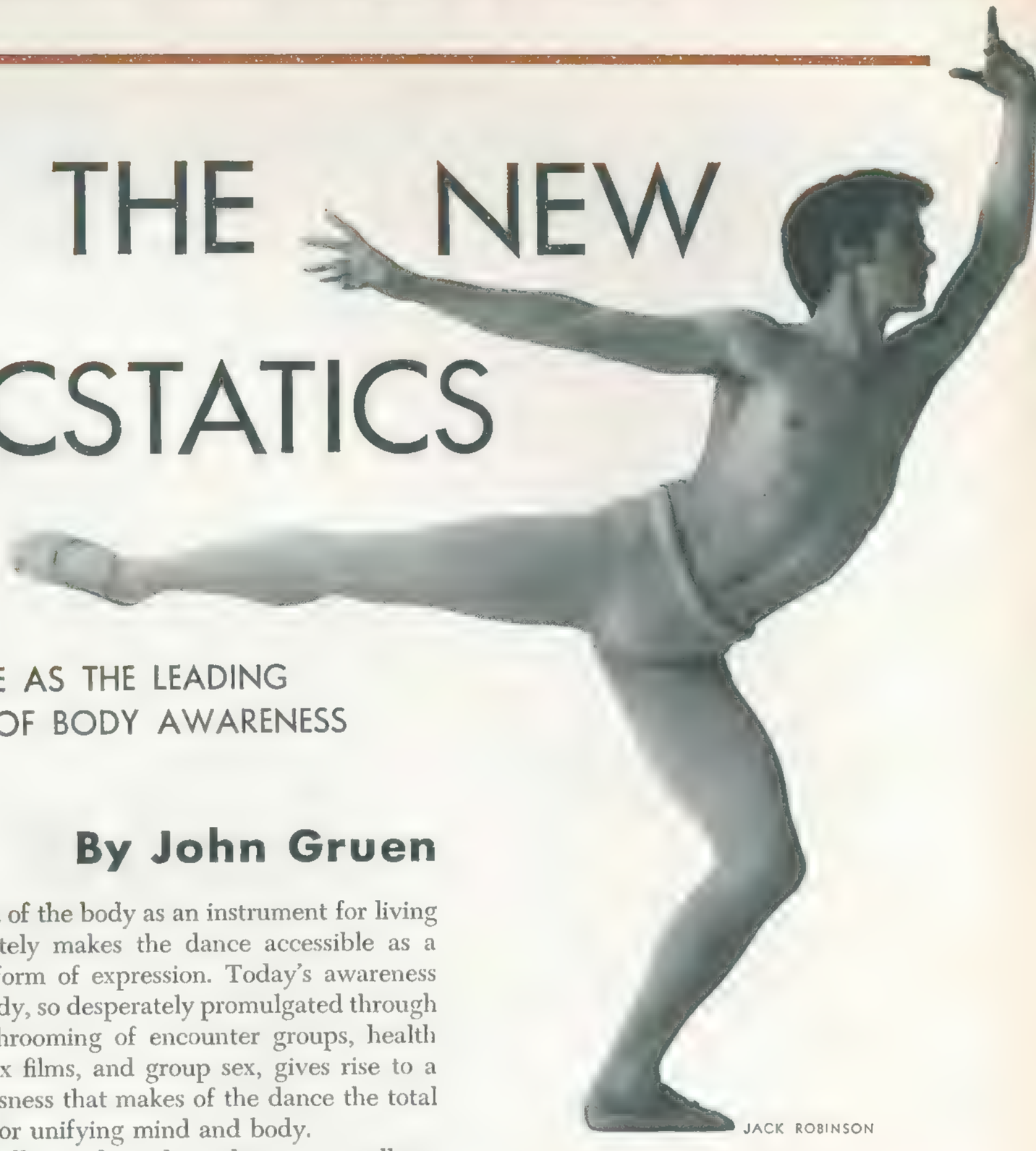
Worn out by all the contradictions in himself, Mayakovsky shot himself on April 14, 1930, with the revolver that had been used as a prop in the film *Not for Money Born*. Stalin promptly hailed him as a great Russian poet. And in his usual sinister style, added that "Indifference to his memory and to his work is a crime." ▼

***Mayakovsky, the actor, in the early Russian film* Not for Money Born.**



THE NEW ECSTATICS

DANCE AS THE LEADING EDGE OF BODY AWARENESS



JACK ROBINSON

Blazing the season. Helgi Tomasson of the New York City Ballet—a new dance ecstatic

By John Gruen

The idea of the body as an instrument for living immediately makes the dance accessible as a natural form of expression. Today's awareness of the body, so desperately promulgated through the mushrooming of encounter groups, health clubs, sex films, and group sex, gives rise to a consciousness that makes of the dance the total vehicle for unifying mind and body.

Ballet and modern dance are sell-out events. During this season of collapsing and recession-hit theatre, companies such as the New York City Ballet, the American Ballet Theatre, the City Center Joffrey Ballet, The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, the Maurice Béjart Ballet of the 20th Century, based in Brussels, and The Australian Ballet, with guest star Rudolf Nureyev, have played to capacity audiences ranging in ages from four to ninety. No other art form has consistently attracted this kind of cross section, and no other art form has elicited this kind of buoyant enthusiasm.

Aesthetic standards aside (and there are endless and passionate disputes as to the artistic merits of one company over another, and one dancer over another) the dance offers kinetic and psychic release to a public that suddenly recognizes its longing for the joyous abandon possible through the body. It would seem that the body as the aesthetic, emotional, visual, and sexual vehicle, is the symbol and metaphor for self- and group-awareness.

A choreographed group activity, dance establishes an outward-directed partnership with the audience, permitting it to intuit naturally the possibilities of physical movement. Thus, it does not really matter to most what level of aesthetic quality is involved. The ingenuous pop/rock show-biz athleticism of Alvin Ailey or the super-trash showmanship of Béjart can elicit as much frenzied approval as can the more profound artistry of Balanchine, Robbins, Graham, Cunningham, or Taylor. The point is, a strong response is called forth, and people feel alive. Only in professional sport can such energetic and unguarded response be observed.

Curiously, present-day causes, both political and social, call up images of motion. Women's *Liberation*, Job *Action*, Peace *Movement* have each a strong underlying suggestion of physical activity. As in dance, the idea and the pleasure is in a joint physical *doing* at the service of a clear and deeply motivated common goal.

A search for feeling and for spontaneous uncomplicated identification also lie at the root of dance popularity. Dancing, at its best and most inspired, can produce a psychic exuberance that cuts across aesthetic boundaries and dance-historical considerations. It satisfies our innate yearning for significant freedom—because freedom in a vacuum is a cul-de-sac. Dancing becomes life.

To sit in a darkened theatre and be in contact with the vibrant and focused energy of the body in motion is to be in touch with the singular potentials of one's own body. Only the dance can provide this dramatic, exhilarating and poignant self-awareness. ▼

COLLECTING FILM-ART

OFF THE CANVAS AND INTO THE CAN

By Barbara Rose

Think twice if you think art collecting, along with the fading art market, has become—like boar-hunting—one of those quaint things the very rich do. One reason for the current art-market bust is the general movement away from the object. But if painting and sculpture aren't being collected as they were, the urge to possess—even if what one possesses is not an object but an ephemeral experience—is developing a new kind of collector. All over the country, people from oil magnates to teeny-boppers are shelving reels and reels of celluloid. From the Hefneresque cinema parlours of the very rich to the improvised wall projections and second-hand equipment of the struggling film underground, home-movie viewing is the answer to a mixture of art and social exchange the new nomadic life-style demands. Movie box-office figures do not necessarily mean movie viewing is off; on the contrary, more people are watching movies than ever before, sitting home in their living rooms with their friends, relaxing and possibly lighting up a joint. Some of these movies are on television, some are homemade, some are rented, and an increasing number are parts of private collections.

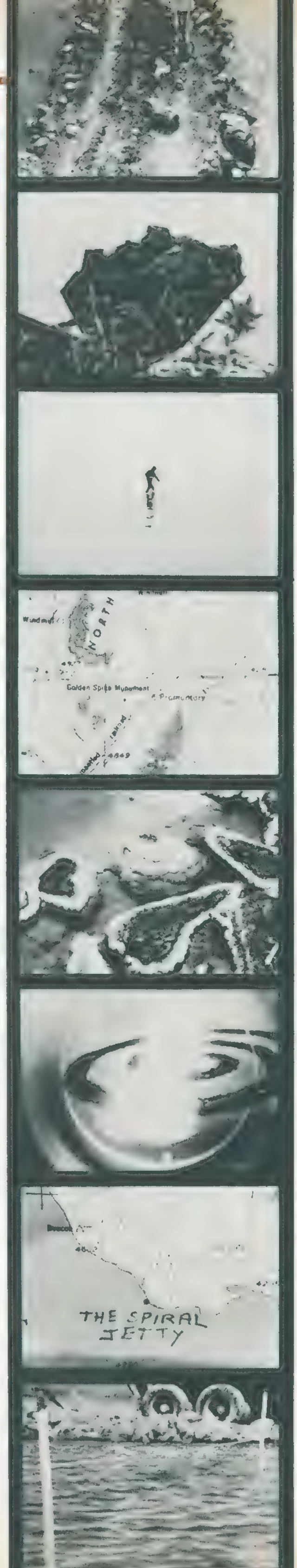
A lot of these movies are early Hollywood pictures; but some of the most interesting are experimental films made by off-beat film-makers or, these days, by painters and sculptors. Although the Futurists experimented in representing movement, and the Cubists tried to depict time, such artists as Man Ray, Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Hans Richter, and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy were quick to realize that *film* was the ideal medium in which to express these elements.

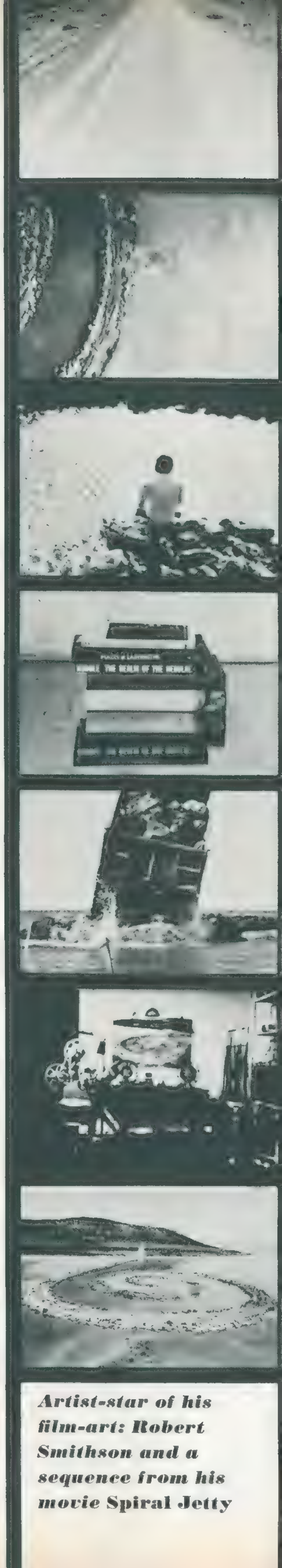
Among the first American artists to make films were the sculptors Len Lye, Robert Breer, and Bruce Conner. Their films, now classics, can be rented through such sources as The Museum of Modern Art in New York. The work of many creative film-makers can be purchased outright for between $75 and $250 from avant-garde film dealers including Lee and Mary Myers in San Francisco, Canyon Cinema Co-Operative in Sausalito, California, and the Film-makers Cooperative in New York.

There are many reasons for the current film boom: The demise of the object-oriented culture and the growth of the counter culture, that film is a democratic medium capable of being reprinted many times, and that it is reasonably cheap to acquire and painless to store and transport are some of them.

Today artists as diverse as Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, Neil Williams, Gene Davis, Claes Oldenburg (whose riotous icebag film is for sale from Gemini, in Los Angeles), Robert Morris, Richard Serra, Walter De Maria, Robert Smithson, Keith Sonnier, Bruce Nauman, Nancy Graves, Lucas Samaras, John Chamberlain, Arakawa, and Red Grooms—to name some—are making movies. So many of their artists are making films in fact that both the Dwan and Leo Castelli galleries in New York have opened film-sales departments. Film collecting has so many advantages over art collecting, including being able to file a film away when you're not in the mood to look at it, that it is bound to be on the upswing, if only as the first step to the day when video cassettes will do for the visual arts what the LP did for music. ▼

"Projected Art: Artists at Work," an exhibition of films, slides, and video tape by and about artists at work—including one underwater—is now at the Finch College Museum of Art in New York.





***Artist-star of his film-art: Robert Smithson and a sequence from his movie* Spiral Jetty**



The bed-and-boarders of Truffaut's new movie, Claude Jade and Jean-Pierre Léaud

BED AND BOARD

out of life and onto the screen

By Ann Birstein

At last a real movie marriage between a real boy and girl instead of those dreadful superannuated adolescents we've been getting lately, but a French marriage, of course, not American. I'm speaking of *Bed and Board*, François Truffaut's utterly delightful and charming latest installment in the life of Antoine Doinel, last seen stealing kisses in *Stolen Kisses*, now trapped in the conjugal bed with his adoring young bourgeois wife. And it is a trap, because for all of his wit Truffaut wouldn't kid about a thing like that. There he is, our marvellous *luft mensch*, as always played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, now first seen as a professional carnation dyer, and, being Antoine, trying unsuccessfully for "Absolute Red," and then, through a series of flukes and crazy coincidences (Truffaut is very strong on flukes and crazy coincidences, but so is life), working at an American hydraulic company: "Do you read American newspapers?" says his prospective employer in a hilarious first interview. "I prefer poetry to prose," says our hero. Then, finally, at the end he is writing an autobiographical novel, but still and always searching. (It seems to have struck some people that this novel business is a spiritual cop-out, a final solution to Antoine's quest for identity, but honestly there's nothing that keeps you searching harder and more humbly for *everything*, fame, money, identity, something to eat, than being a novelist.)

But then what makes it a trap? I guess because for all of their fun and playfulness, and camaraderie, and jokes in bed—her breasts don't match, he tells her peering into her nightgown, in fact one might be called Laurel, the other Hardy—and the suggestive blackouts, and the fact that Claude Jade, the wife, is adorable, there's really no atmosphere of sex between them. Sex only enters the picture when he has an affair with a beautiful Japanese girl who wafts into his ken—"she's another world," he explains to his wife—and then wafts out again, when all she does is smile inscrutably and eat and eat and eat. And of course it's typical of Antoine that he calls his wife from the restaurant about half a dozen times out of sheer desperate boredom.

So then, what makes it a marriage? I suppose you could opt for the easy one first and say that Léaud is one of the world's great natural clowns, and that looked at from one angle all wives think all husbands are natural clowns. But, to approach this comedy more seriously (maybe), what Truffaut has done is root this couple in a complete little society. They live in a courtyard, they have neighbours, a concierge, a nice sexy Italian lady from upstairs, a café owner, a mysterious young man who must be a strangler. They have in-laws, good solid bourgeois types to whose house they go for dinner, choosing the wine, and who come to their house for dinner in return. They all talk to each other all the time, exchanging ideas, opinions, advice.

"Do you like working for the Americans?" the café owner asks Antoine. "Yes, it gives me time to think." They have a baby, by natural childbirth, of course, and it must have been natural childbirth because it's so sweet to see Christine holding it, the most natural thing in the world. They quarrel about the baby's name, he preferring Alphonse and she Ghislain, and the baby is adorable and real and even grows.

So then why can the French do this and not us? Because they still have a society and we haven't, even if it's that awful French bourgeoisie that always scares Americans to death at first encounter? Or is it that in Truffaut we still have that old Gallic strain of understanding the human heart? Not that the movie doesn't miss sometimes. There's a too neat ending and a couple of freeze frames that make you think Truffaut is imitating himself. But it doesn't matter. I'm haunted by a remark that Antoine makes to Christine during the funny poignancy of their brief separation. "You are my sister, my daughter, my mother." And she says, getting into a taxi, "I'd hoped to be your wife." But she's that, too. An affair is a voyage to a foreign country, and a return home is a return home, with all the good and bad that this implies. ▼

Rome

LEGS IN SHORTS, IN BLOOMERS,
THROUGH SLITS...
A WONDERFULLY WEARABLE,
GAIO COLLECTION FOR SPRING

Galitzine has so many ways to praise pretty legs ...far left, she slits up the sides of a zip-front coat-dress in navy-bound beige silk and when the slashes swing, there comes the leg in perfect little beige silk shorts. Satam fabric. Turn-out, with navy silk scarf, to order at I. Magnin....**and Galitzine girls run around Rome in bloomers**...ador-able beige jersey ones, left, flitting through the Piazza di Siena in the Borghese Gardens, with beige shirt, navy-strapped waist, navy-strapped legs. Forneris wool jersey. Belt by Borbonese. Both pages: Volpi navy-blue straw hat; Mario Valentino's Roman sandals; coiffures by Sergio Rossi of Antonio

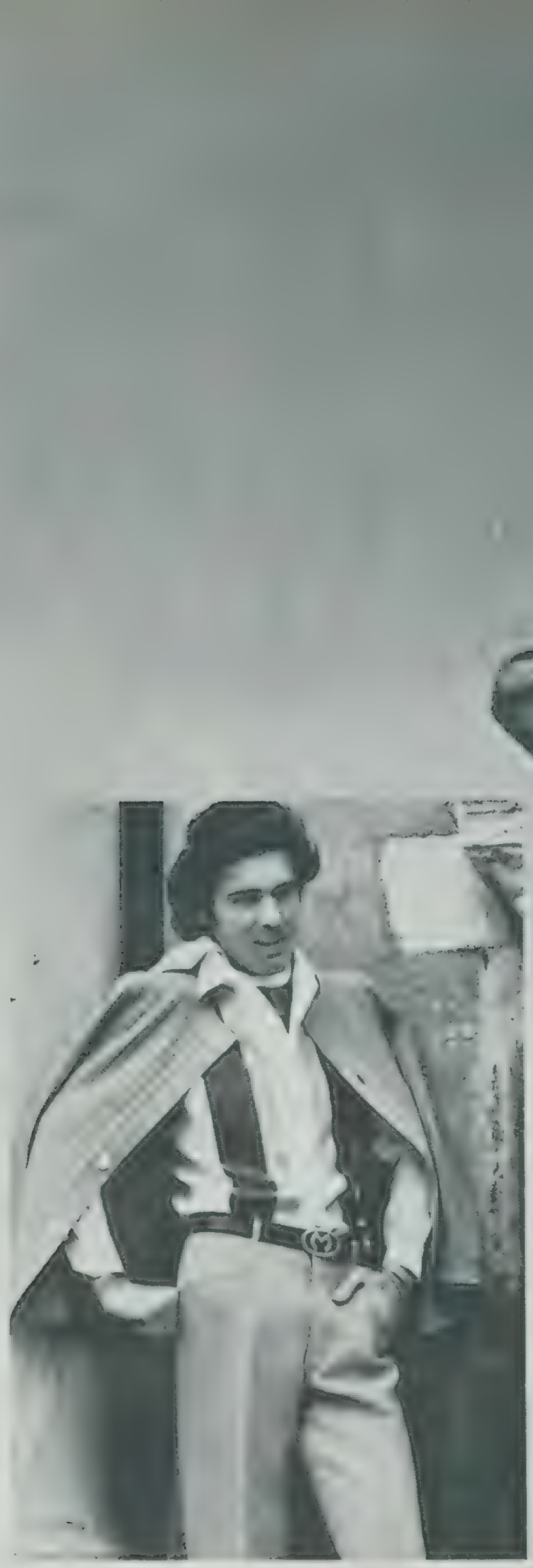
Galitzine

Rome
collections report



Mila Schön

Easy to wear—finally "clothes": that's what every Roman girl said at the end of the shows. A few laughable gags just for a crazy evening of dancing at Numero Uno, or in Porto Cervo on Sardinia next summer when one feels that masquerading can give you a lift.... Otherwise, **beautifully constructed dresses**—yes, they are back—mostly with long sleeves and three-quarter jackets of the softest cashmere (Valentino). Some **swinging capes** with printed borders reminiscent of the Douanier Rousseau or the great Italian *naïf* Antonio Ligabue (Galitzine). **Pants, lots of them,** at Mila Schön, ideal for travel, for movement, for car drives up to Cortina d'Ampezzo and Sestriere to soak up the sun on terraced villas surrounded by snow. And the personal touches: Borbonese's (for Galitzine) cork-and-diamond buckles and sautoirs, Borbonese's (for Valentino) Chinese enamel masks dangling like medallions from primitive necklaces; Abate's (for Schön) delicious enamel buttons; Mario Valentino and Vittoriana's Roman gladiator sandals, the burst of **red** at Valentino, of egg yellow, of emerald green at Schön. **Navy blue all over,** more than ever. **Lots of white**—heavenly for sun-tanned Italian girls. **Shorts** almost a mania everywhere and for every hour of the day: Valentino and Galitzine gave them at last a haute couture look, like Valentino's white-and-red beaded ones and Galitzine's little bias yellow charmeuse bloomers. Shirts back with a great impact, this time with handmade *à jours* in organdie, silk, polka dots, and stripes. Shoes with platforms. Lots of legs in shorts, through slits. **Length now does not matter,** and we will not speak of it anymore.





MILA SCHÖN DOES PANTS FOR HER AND HIM

Mila Schön's girl pants, opposite page: a light little coat and matching pants of white slubbed silk, lace-banded shirt with a fresh white organdie ruff. Fabric by Bini; St. Gall lace by Foster-Willi. At Martha; I. Magnin. Earrings by Scemama. **Mila Schön's boy pants,** this page, left, of oatmeal double-faced wool crêpe—black-belted, M-buckled—with a matching oatmeal ribbed sweater, oatmeal-grey-and-white striped silk shirt. Sweater of Agnona wool knit; Taroni silk shirt. Snapped at the Caffè Rosati on Rome's Piazza del Popolo. **Mila Schön's sporty pants,** this page, right: nifty little camel knit walking suit—golf pants, pullover, and slightly shorter jacket. At Martha; I. Magnin. Earrings, chokers by Scemama, Geneviève Clement. Both pages: Carita coiffures: Mila Schön boots.

HENRY CLARKE

Galitzine

Palazzi

Rome

SHORTS EVERYWHERE, EVERY HOUR.... PRINTS REMINISCENT OF THE DOUANIER ROUSSEAU

Galitzine's orange girl, above left, swings out in orange shorts, slit skirt, and shirt under a navy-lined orange cape. Nattier wool gabardine; wool crêpe shirt. To order at I. Magnin. **Palazzi's boy,** above centre, wears a silver-grey suit and tie, with a grey-striped shirt of cotton voile. Cerruti silk. Rossetti shoes. **Galitzine rolls on the Rousseau-print cape,** above right—blue and white, and heavenly over orange wool crêpe bloomers and shirt. Nattier wools. To order at I. Magnin. With both Galitzines: Borbonese belt; Fama stockings; Mario Valentino Roman sandals. **Forquet's evening jumpshorts,** far right, in white wool chiffon with a flick of pleats—divine on sun-tanned girls like Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto, who wears them here, at Forquet's apartment, with a Bulgari chain of gold, diamonds, and old coins. Jumpshorts, of Forneris fabric. All coiffures by Sergio Russo of Alexandre.

Galitzine

Forquet

HENRY CLARKE

DONNA ALLEGRA
CARACCIOLO
DI CASTAGNETO

MY HOUSE IS PAPER... GLUED WITH LOVE

One of the most distinguished French writers, first woman to sit on the jury of the important Prix Goncourt since Colette died in 1954, a novelist who dredges feminine psychology, Françoise Mallet-Joris lives like this: in a shambles of children, pets, hobo help, migrant teen-agers, malevolent plumbing, self-begetting knickknacks, where all order is in the clasp of her pen.

By Françoise Mallet-Joris

"The house is made of cardboard, The stairs . . . are made of paper,"

Vincent sings. That's exactly how I feel. Everything supports the impression: the chaos that reigns in every room: the ragbag assortment of clothes my children wear (Daniel is going through that adolescent phase when his long hair brushing his shoulders, his many rings and chains combine to make him look like a young barbarian chief or an extra at the Opéra-Comique); the irregularity of our income, aggravated by the irregularity of our consumption (alternately over- and underestimating our resources, we start the month by eliminating laundry, tobacco, stamps—one summer, in the grip of a furious bout of thrift, Jacques took it into his head to live wholly on milk, and ended up with jaundice—then find ourselves giving dinners for twenty at which the rich fumes of *caneton à l'orange* rise from our cracked crockery and Volnay is served in those glass jars you buy mustard in); the unfortunate habit we have of choosing maids by appearance: "An interesting head . . . She has character," Jacques murmurs, head tilted back, eyes half closed as he sizes up the bewildered candidate. And on my side it is mere liking, fellow feeling that plays the largest rôle in those thoughtless impulses that drive me to hire an aspirant flutist to wash my dishes, an unmarried mother afflicted with twins to dust my flat, a likable drunkard accustomed to army canteens to do my cooking. This method, based upon aesthetics and elective affinities, has rarely produced good results, at least on the level of household management. The former model spent her days off wearing my shoes; the drunkard carried my youngest daughter (Pauline) head down and tried to insert her into her high chair the same way; the flutist managed to burst several hot-water pipes by a secret method that she always refused to divulge.

We are eternally in conflict with such various and very impressive organizations as Social Security and U.R.S.S.A.F., to say nothing of the direct and indirect taxes on which we are always behind, and the fines that continue to pile up; and my feeling of insecurity is only increased by the perpetually missing buttons, the socks and pants without elastic, the burnt-out light bulbs that no one replaces, the door handles unscrewed and missing. (Do door handles get unscrewed in other people's homes? I have *never* found a door handle missing in any normal family. Where do they find the time to replace them? But then, neither have I ever succeeded in identifying our mysterious door-handle-unscewer, the perpetrator of so many other acts of vandalism.)

The house is made of cardboard . . . I have often asked myself: Is it my fault? Is it normal? The staircase is made of paper. . . . The entire house, it seems to me, is made of paper—the paper that I scribble on so patiently and that then so totally escapes my grasp, the children's drawings scattered all over the canvases that Jacques stores in piles under the stairs, the open books, unfinished poems, collages, even the shimmering and wholly valueless knickknacks that find their way into our house and manage to survive so very long there, better preserved than any precious little Dresden figure ever would be (no Dresden figure would last a week): all those things that make up the brightly coloured, frail, and fluttering fabric of our house.

Everything in it gets broken, gets dusty, disappears, except for what is most ephemeral. There is no order, no time, no menus; and what kind of work is it that consists in patiently covering cloth with paint and paper with black squiggles? Moreover, by a kind of natural justice, our children manifest the greatest ability in the confection of cardboard mobiles, and draw, write poems, run up collages, make up plays, dance, sing, laugh, and weep with the greatest facility, but fail to brush their teeth, forget their satchels when they go to school, bring back bad reports with disarming smiles, and are generally ready for everything in life with the sole exception of what is generally looked upon as a normal existence for schoolchildren their ages.

Friends come and go, stay for dinner or lunch. Even animals move in on us, apparently of their own volition: a stray cat, a dog given as a present, a goldfish (won in a lottery) that has now attained the respectable age of four and a half. A pigeon with a broken wing took shelter one day in the staircase of our building and as we came home began painfully to clamber up, step by step, until it finally halted outside our front door. There was no possible room for doubt: *It was coming to stay with us.* Vincent put it up in his room for three months. It very quickly became tame, and used to nestle down on his pillow, beside his head, for the night. A touching sight, provided the observer could not also see the state of the tiny room, the grain scattered everywhere, and those stains that inevitably accompany pigeons and which the newspapers commonly characterize as "dishonouring" our statues. Vincent's room was in a state of total dishonour.

And that still leaves the accessory animals; the terrapins given us by Bobby, who teaches a beginners' class in classical dance ("A good Latin coach would be more use to you," Jeanne points out, but are we to blame if our friend happens to be a dancer, not a Latin tutor?), occasional hamsters, puppies "entrusted" to Dolores (Continued on page 116)

Françoise Mallet-Joris & family (partial) in her "Paper House," photographed by Henri Cartier-Bresson

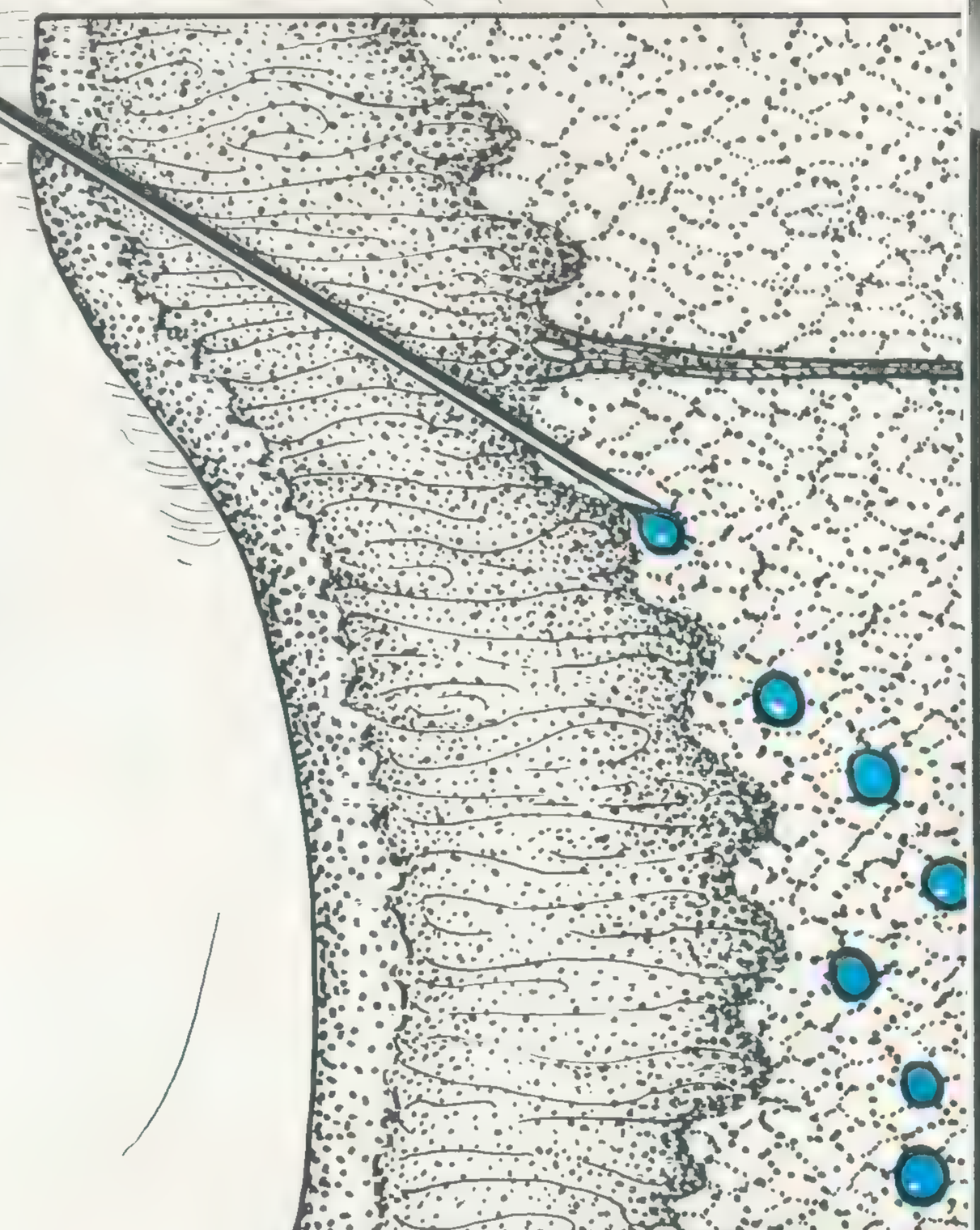
Françoise Mallet-Joris, far right, with three of her children, in the sprawling house outside Paris she shares with her husband, an artist; four children; a Spanish maid; and a whooping menagerie. The house is the most recent landing place for the life described in her extraordinary best-selling memoirs, *The Paper House*, to be published here this spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Forty, married three times, and a convert to Catholicism, Françoise Mallet-Joris said, "The book's success can only be explained by the seriousness with which I write about the children. People want access to the lives of their children and that is what, perhaps, I have given them." Henri Cartier-Bresson's photographic view of France, young and old, *Cartier-Bresson's France*, has just been brought out by Viking.





Left: The marks on the nose, the chin, and the ear on this woman's face illustrate where the rubbery silicone can be inserted, in order, respectively, to build up the nose's bridge and the chin's bone, and substitute the damaged ear's cartilage.

CAROL WOIKE



Above: Drawing of a woman's face with dots on her brows, cheeks, nose, upper lip, and chin, indicating the areas where liquid silicone can be successfully injected in order to smooth wrinkles and small indentations, or slightly build up the cheekbones. On the right, a magnified cross section of a skin indentation, showing the injections of droplets of silicone between the deepest stratum of the skin and the fat tissue. Right: Silastic ® Breast Prosthesis. A translucent silicone gel wrapped in a seamless, thin-walled silicone envelope, approximating the softness, mobility, weight of a real bosom. Inserted behind the mammary gland through an incision, it is secured to the chest wall by the ingrowth of fibrous tissue through discs of Dacron net in back.



SILICONE

A new aid to plastic surgery:

BY SIMONA MORINI

Corrugated foreheads? Frowns congealed between the eyebrows? Austere lines compassing the mouth, feathering the lips? Cheekbones which, if built up, would give a face the strength it needs to be beautiful? Or, more rarely: Undeveloped bosoms? Old acne or measles scoops? Profiles in want of a rounder chin, a more salient nose? Faces that have lost their contours to inexplicable atrophies?

In the last few years plastic surgeons and dermatologists have been using a synthetic material called silicone (both in its liquid and its rubbery form) to repair all of these disparate defects, and many more.

But what about the beautiful, healthy woman who has no such big complaints, who is merely suffering from the battle fatigue of life? The exhilarating possibility is that she could walk to the doctor's office and take a treatment of liquid silicone to smooth off those tiny wrinkles, barely visible perhaps, yet so boringly familiar to her as to feel etched into her skull.

No heavy anaesthesia (often, no anaesthesia at all), no surgical knives, no sutures. A tiny syringe half filled with a slick, clear fluid, a slender needle, and an amber-coloured antiseptic doubling as a pointer to the areas to inject, is all the equipment the doctor needs. The patient, on her part, is required to do very little, except to have patience and lots of time: in order to be effective, liquid silicone has to be injected a drop at a time. No more than twenty drops each session and no more than one or two sessions a week is the rule. Which means that it takes at least two weeks to plump up a small wrinkle. The session itself is a matter of minutes: the woman lies down comfortably (but she must stay still), has her face nipped with swift, minute, contiguous injections *à plomb* into the wrinkle, or diagonally, depending on the area of the face, and, if she is an habituée, she herself can press a square of gauze on the injected area to help the drops of silicone spread evenly underneath the skin. Ten minutes later she can walk out, having suffered no more pain than the sting of icy wind on a skier's face. And unless she has the kind of skin that is bruised by a cream puff, a dab of powder will cover the injections' momentary blush.

Indeed, a woman could cheerfully become "addicted" to liquid silicone; once the first light-catching, makeup-cracking wrinkle begins to disappear, the impulse is to make plans for the next one and, eventually, to include silicone in her regular beauty maintenance, just as she makes dentist appointments. She feels—and looks—as if silicone had actually become part of her flesh.

Curiously, this (Continued)

Once properly implanted in the body, silicone is accepted...with good grace

is exactly what does *not* happen: silicone, which can be made to imitate faithfully the consistency and weight of human muscle, fat, cartilage, tendons, and even bone, never loses its chemical identity. Once properly implanted in the body—injected, poured, moulded, or carved as the case may be—silicone or, more formidably, dimethylpolysiloxane, is accepted by the surrounding tissues with unprecedented good grace but it will remain "undigested," as uncorroded as it does in the testing vials and on the open-air racks where silicone is left to weather for years, with sun and rain beating on it fruitlessly.

Either injected as a liquid or inserted, through an incision, as a sponge, a diaphanous sliver, or a carved rubbery chunk, silicone is the sensational discovery physicians have borrowed from industry after having experimented for centuries—often unsuccessfully—with precious metals, alloys, and, in the last century, with plastics to replace obliterated tissue in the human body.

And yet, as promising as it sounds, the use of silicone is, for the moment, limited. Not the industrial variety, of course—from the astronauts' boots that first footprinted the moon's surface to the moulds of TV-set frames, literally thousands of objects are made of silicone—nor the many kinds of rubbery silicones, for these are, by now, part of every plastic surgeon's equipment. It is the medically purified *liquid* silicone that has been on trial ever since the middle-sixties when Dow Corning, the company that first manufactured the silicones in the United States and the only one to produce the medical variety, became alarmed by international reports of mishaps as a result of silicone injections and decided to investigate. One thing seemed reasonably sure: some doctors, who were just beginning to learn about silicone's unique qualities, were injecting it too generously and too enthusiastically, causing the slick, free-moving fluid to wander, drawn by gravity, along the smooth planes of muscles, either disappearing into the tissues or collecting somewhere in the body in alarming clumps under the skin. And when they tried to prevent the silicone from slinking off by mixing it with various ingredients, doctors obtained even worse results.

Was pure silicone innocent after all? Most probably. Nonetheless, Dow Corning voluntarily listed it with the Food and Drug Administration; which meant that silicone ceased being an "implant material" and became a "drug." Once silicone entered the FDA complex machinery, it turned into a national headache, and Dow Corning found itself in the position of a taxi driver who delivers to the Lost and Found a large sum of cash he discovered in the back seat of his cab: to do this kind of honest deed is, at best, time consuming. For one thing, new drugs can not be permitted on the market until their safety and usefulness are officially ascertained, and new-drug applications may well remain on FDA officials' desks for years.

Mr. Silas Braley, the youthful director of the Dow Corning Center for Aid to Medical Research, is, among other things, silicone's guardian. A brilliant chemist who feels for silicone an almost anthropomorphic affection, Mr. Braley is affable and easy-going but adamant when it comes to keeping track of every pint of the fluid, which is shipped only to an investigating committee of eight physicians—seven plastic surgeons and one dermatologist—whom Mr. Braley asked in 1964 to conduct exhaustive scientific experiments and to report their findings to the Government.

A black market of this by now avidly sought-after "drug" is obviously very difficult; but some of the many excluded doctors circumvent "prohibition" by using an industrial variety of silicone meant for delicate electrical equipment, which, in their opinion, has only a slight impurity easily removed by a skillful chemist.

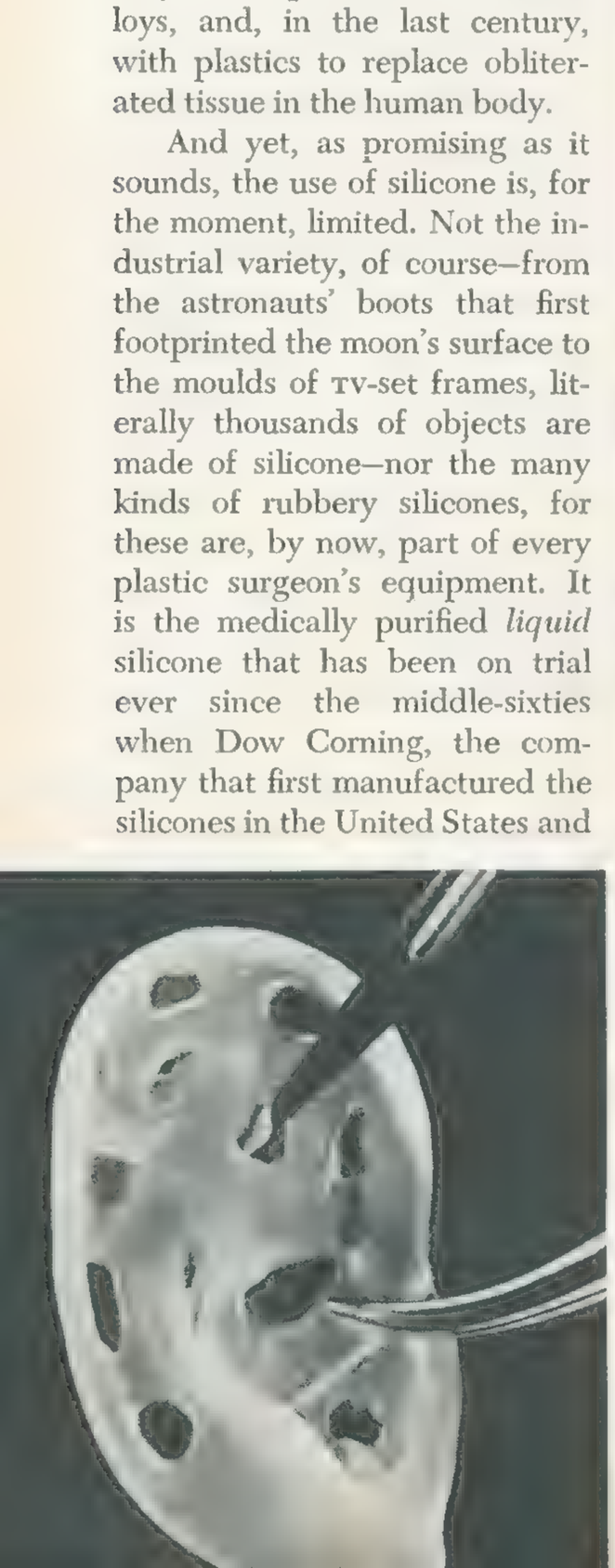
Not long ago I travelled around the United States to find out about silicone. I went to Michigan first, to the Dow Corning Plant, where medical silicone is manufactured in one-storey buildings surrounded by birch trees, pressurized inside almost like airplanes to keep the dust out. Then I went to look for the patients. I could not find any of the "old" ones, the first pioneers, but I found several of the more recent wave, and some of the "addicted," too, the ones who camp in the doctor's office and keep fanatical count of the drops of silicone they are allowed. I met one woman who regularly flies hundreds of miles to New York for her silicone injections; another, who circled in red on the United States map the cities where the "silicone doctors" are practising. And I visited, of course, the seven plastic surgeons and the dermatologist on the committee, who are among the best-known in the country. Their experiments with liquid silicone represent only a fraction of their work. And yet, almost *en passant,* they are making medical history with silicone. This is what they had to say about it.

Dr. Franklin Ashley is a burly, tall man of fifty-five with small blue eyes shaded by the bushy, upturned eyebrows of a benign Mephistopheles. His voice very much precedes him in the corridors of UCLA where he is Chief of the Division of Plastic Surgery. In his office, visitors step over a zebra hide and sit facing a wall hung with photographs of Dr. Ashley in bush clothes and rifle, with a foot over his kill, in the classic pose of the hunter. Maybe there is no other way to pose next to a dead lion. "I only shoot the old and sick, don't worry," he said to me with mock compunction, recognizing the conservationist from the moment I walked around the zebra hide.

Dr. Ashley's jocularity and Californian bigger-than-life ease evaporated the minute the subject was plastic surgery. Coolly and exactly, with enormous competence, he spelled out his cautious attitude toward liquid silicone. But, like his colleagues, Dr. Ashley feels quite positive about its uses for the treatment of facial hemiatrophy and facial lipodystrophy, two mysterious and, fortunately, infrequent diseases very similar to one another. The only difference: the wasting away of the soft tissue in the hemiatrophy strikes only on one side; in the lipodystrophy, it extends to the entire face and the neck, and often to the upper part of the arms and to the torso.

Injecting silicone, Dr. Ashley explained, is relatively simple. Anaesthesia should be local and light to avoid swelling that could mislead the surgeon about the amount of silicone needed. A drop, actually a droplet, at a time, the silicone fluid is injected beneath the deepest stratum of the skin. The doctor frequently withdraws the fine needle to make sure the tip has not hit a blood vessel, and he changes the course of the syringe as if following the ribs of an imaginary fan. Immediately after the injection, the surgeon gently massages the area by hand or with a small vibrator, thus helping the silicone droplets to spread evenly. Each droplet, after it lodges in the skin, is automatically surrounded by a tiny capsule of fibrous tissue: the body's way of healing around anything that ever so slightly intrudes into the pattern of its tissue.

If the droplets are evenly distributed—rather than rushed in large quantities into a small area—the body will actually create a lacing of fibrous tissue and silicone, which prevents the latter from disappearing into the surrounding tissue or, worse, to col-



Left: An ear-shaped rubbery silicone prosthesis, with smooth, rounded edges, approximating the consistency of cartilage, to use as a framework for ear reconstruction.

lect, cystlike, in the neck, chest, or even lower in the body, pulled down by the force of gravity.

No more than twenty droplets for each session, no more than one session a week, about twelve sessions in all: this is the careful rhythm used to reduce initial tissue irritation and swelling. After the third or fourth series of injections, the depressed area begins to fill up. The emaciated, worn look disappears from the patient's face; the lively softness of flesh is almost perfectly matched.

As for silicone injections for breast augmentation, Dr. Ashley, like all serious plastic surgeons, still disapproves of them. For one, the droplets of silicone behave in the breast tissue as a screen, preventing the surgeon from detecting a potential breast cancer—too common an occurrence in women not to be perennially watched. Breast implants of silicone gel are the surgeon's choice. Easily inserted through an incision in the submammary fold, they resemble the weight and consistency of real breasts, and since they are placed in a pocket *behind* the mammary gland, they don't interfere with clinical examinations. And should a tumour actually be discovered in the breast, the implant can be just as easily removed.

In 1963, Dr. Thomas Cronin, of Baylor University in Houston, Texas, developed the first silicone breast implant, which still is called after him. It is a thin mould of silicone rubber shaped like a "falsie" filled with silicone gel manufactured by Dow Corning with the trade name of Silastic, and it is available in eight sizes: mini, petite, small, small extra-fill, medium, medium extra-fill, large, and large extra-fill. (In the near future, these will be identified only by their volume in cubic centimetres.) On the side that adheres to the chest muscles, the implant has a backing of Dacron mesh discs, into which the body, in its healing process, will intertwine strands of fibrous tissue, thus securing it in place without the need of sutures.

Dr. Ashley, however, does not use the Cronin implants; he prefers a modified version which he himself has helped devise: the silicone mould is covered by a thin layer of polyurethane sponge and has a Y-shaped thin-walled septum built in, which reduces sagging and the excessive swinging of the Cronin implants, because the separate compartments distribute the weight more evenly and limit the gel's movements. More importantly, once the Ashley prosthesis has been implanted, any minor asymmetry or slight unfitting that had been impossible to foresee, can be corrected by injecting through the skin a harmless fluid into either of the three compartments without fear of leaking (the silicone gel will immediately obliterate the needle's puncture).

Dr. Ralph Blocksma was born in Michigan from an old Dutch family of adventurous sea captains who settled in the Great Lakes region around 1880. Now Chief of Plastic Surgery at Butterworth Hospital in Grand Rapids, this urbane Yankee of fifty-six has easily out-travelled all of his forefathers, and certainly not as a tourist. Dr. Blocksma is at home in Pakistan, India, Panama, Afghanistan, Korea, Ecuador, Formosa, Uganda, where, as Chairman of the Board of Medical Assistance Programs, Inc.—an organization that every year channels tons of medicines donated by American pharmaceutical companies to developing countries—he is periodically invited to lecture, perform operations, and train young doctors for medical missionary service.

Dr. Blocksma did not learn this job from his immaculate office at Butterworth Hospital: fifteen years ago, he himself was a medical missionary in Pakistan, tirelessly operating on everything from a Maharaja's appendix to grafting of lepers' lesions. In Michigan, surgery for Dr. Blocksma is limited to *plastic* surgery, though its range is no less head-spinning than it was in Pakistan. The day may start with a child with a cleft lip and end with a young woman shot in the face by a drunken husband. "I am just a country doctor," he said with amiable irony, "I do whatever there is to do."

Unlike most of his colleagues, Dr. Blocksma often prefers a general anaesthesia when he injects liquid silicone for hemiatrophy. Right after each batch of droplets, he snaps sharply at the injected area with a wooden spatula—quite painful if the patient were under local anaesthesia. The reason for this home-spun technique: Dr. Blocksma feels that the snaps help the silicone droplets to subdivide further into microscopic, almost weightless particles. When these microdroplets are eventually capsuled in fibrous tissue, they will resemble the delicate but substantial lobules of fat tissue. And that is exactly what augmentation of soft tissue should look and feel like.

Fat tissue is really the key in liquid silicone injections, Dr. Blocksma believes. Loose, soft fat lobules, such as are found around the eyes, in the neck, the abdomen, and the legs, behave like a sieve: the silicone drops pass the layer of fat and reach the muscles along whose smooth surface they inevitably gravitate. But the tight, closely-set lobules in the ear and cheek are excellent for trapping the silicone drops in place.

In the quest to prevent the fluid silicone from leaving the areas for which it was intended, the next logical step is the use of vulcanized silicone, that is, liquid silicone injected with the addition of the proper catalyst, which gelatinates beneath the skin. But this technique is still being tested, for there are still problems to be solved, one being the difficulty of controlling the final shape in cases where shape, such as in the breast, is the most important thing.

However, for *pectus excavatum*, a defect of the chest that bizarrely bends a man's or a woman's ribs, or else gives to the chestbone an unattractive funnel-like appearance, Dr. Blocksma thinks the vulcanized silicone could be applied more successfully than the insertion of a custom-made gel implant (similar to the Cronin breast implant), which entails scarring in an area where keloids—those unpredictable, distressing growths over "bad" scars—are not as infrequent as they are elsewhere. Instead, through a small transverse incision, a pocket could be prepared in the region of the defect into which the catalyzed silicone would be injected to form a rubbery substance perhaps less hard than real bone but firm enough to fill up the cavity attractively.

Head of the Plastic Surgery Section at the University of Michigan, Dr. Reed Othelbert Dingman is a taciturn, powerful-looking man in his early sixties who once was an amateur boxer. He speaks slowly, looking at you with steady, pale eyes, and literally weighs each thought and word.

Dr. Dingman's second passion—the first is plastic surgery—is hunting. "Wherever there is game: Alaska, Mexico, California, my backyard, I go hunting," said this modern Deerslayer, more comfortable, one guesses, on a pine forest trail than in a city street, more inclined to rescuing a woman from a charging wild beast than he is to give way to her through a door. The photographic file of Dr. Dingman's cases, the large number of medical papers—from the discussion of exacting jaw operations (Dr. Dingman has also a degree in oral surgery) to those of head and neck cancers, mammaplasty, and so forth—testify to the surgeon's immense capacity and energy.

Toward silicone, Dr. Dingman feels cool. In fact, it is only (Continued on page 114)



"Before" photograph, near right, of a young girl of eighteen suffering from a mysterious illness called facial hemiatrophy. A patient of Dr. Ralph Blocksma of Grand Rapids, Michigan, she has undergone five series of liquid silicone injections. In the "after" photograph, far right, the worn look of the atrophied cheek has disappeared: the softness of flesh is almost perfectly matched.

INTE

DAVID BAILEY

BEAUTY BULLETIN FROM OUR

RNATIONAL PRIVATE EYE

BEAUTY NEWS FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS.... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HAIR, MAKEUP, IN LONDON, ROME, NEW YORK....A NEW BOOT, A NEW BOUTIQUE

In Paris, at the Courrèges showing, a flashing sign on a screen repeated over and over: *Courrèges aime les cheveux courts*, Courrèges likes short hair....And just in case you didn't get the message, his mannequins flashed it again: all wore their hair short, straight-slicked, and his beautiful black mannequin had hers sheared off close to her head like a curly little skull-cap. ...And Courrèges is not alone. Short hair is in—it's in the air, in Paris, everywhere; straight or curly, but shorter, showing the neck, ears, face. If it isn't cropped off, the next best thing is smoothed back in a chignon, giving the same clear, clean look—the look of a small, neat head....What else is new: red hair—the *coup de feu*, flaming, dramatic. At Saint Laurent's, a red-haired mannequin, in a beige pinstriped suit with a red fox fur tossed around her neck, looked sensational....Joanna Shimkus, the young Canadian movie beauty, and Florinda Bolkan, the Rome-based Brazilian actress, both wear the *coup de feu*. Miss Bolkan (abetted by Alba, her hairdresser in Rome), gives nature an assist by using an ancient, completely natural product—henna....Another user, Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, has a light, reddish "glaze" on her chestnut-brown hair.

Jean Shrimpton, left, in Carita's new short hairdo

...And it's particularly adorable on the Shrimp's small, well-shaped head—this forward-sweeping little wig, done by Carita. All short, all brushed forward ...all streaked with little blond mèches... much shorter at the nape of the neck; no straggles.

Marisa Berenson, right, in silver jewellery—on bare skin

The way Marisa wears it, here, is the way Courrèges showed it—the gleam of bright, heavy silver against bare, gleaming skin, unbroken except by a wisp of white bikini....We added, for fun, the red vinyl baseball cap that starred in the Courregès collection. What team is Marisa playing for?

BEAUTY BULLETIN FROM OUR

INTERN

The boot that takes it from there . . .

The question is:
What happens to all that leg
below the short shorts? One happy answer,
shown right—long, fascinating sandal-
boots, cutout, tuned-in, airy cool and light, but
really heavy on the marvellous looks. . . : This
Vittoriana's brown leather sandal-boot, diamond-
checked in brown-and-beige suède. At Martha.

Cropped, curly, braided, chignoned . . . the new coiffures, *below left:* Mostly short, close to the head, showing the pretty line of neck, ear, cheek . . . a few foamed into curls all over, or drawn back in a chignon. **1.** Carita plays coiffures both ways—straight and curly—but with two bedrock principles. "Always the small head," "No hair dragging on the nape." Here, one of her straight, overshot little wigs. **2.** Katalin Kallay, young Hungarian charmer (seen also on page 92), and her short, side-flipped haircut. **3.** The small head done by young Paris hairdresser Jean-Marc Maniatis: hair shaped by cutting only: pointed in back, side parting straight bang that falls in a V over one eyebrow. **4.** From the Givenchy show, this clear, clean look: hair skinned back, braided on top, at the nape. **5.** Leonard of London draws hair back in a swagged chignon, rolls it horizontally, catches it in a painted leather grip (this, by Pablo and Delia). **6.** From Jean-Marc Maniatis—the small head again, but this time wreathed in curls.

HENRY CLARKE

ATIONAL PRIVATE EYE

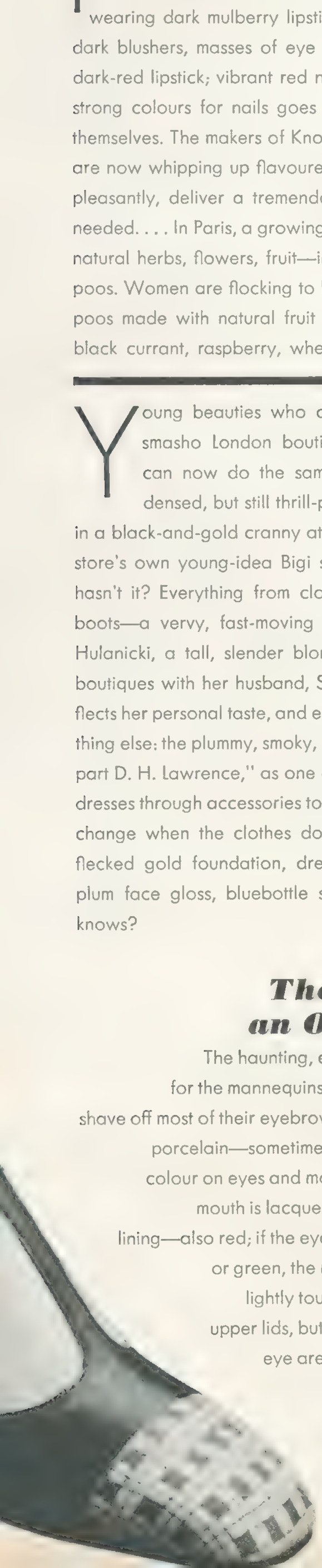
MORE PIZAZZ FOR MAKEUP IN LONDON, ROME . . . IN PARIS, NEW NATURAL BEAUTY AIDS

In London, the appearance of plum, prune, dark reddish-brown makeup colours on the famous pink-and-white English skins; the Marchioness of Hartington, a young blond beauty, wearing dark mulberry lipstick and nail polish. . . . In Rome, dark blushers, masses of eye makeup in smoky colours; sultry, dark-red lipstick; vibrant red nail polish. . . . With the return of strong colours for nails goes a new emphasis on strong nails themselves. The makers of Knox gelatine, a famous nail-fortifier, are now whipping up flavoured gelatine drinks that slide down pleasantly, deliver a tremendous charge of protein where it's needed. . . . In Paris, a growing devotion to beauty aids made of natural herbs, flowers, fruit—in creams, masques, soaps, shampoos. Women are flocking to buy a new group of cream shampoos made with natural fruit and berry extracts, among them black currant, raspberry, wheat germ, apricot.

Young beauties who dote on popping in to Biba, the smasho London boutique on Kensington High Street, can now do the same in New York—where a condensed, but still thrill-packed version of Biba is installed in a black-and-gold cranny at Bergdorf Goodman—next to the store's own young-idea Bigi shop. What has Biba got? What hasn't it? Everything from clothes to cosmetics, underwear to boots—a vervy, fast-moving collection designed by Barbara Hulanicki, a tall, slender blonde who *is* Biba, and runs both boutiques with her husband, Stephen Fitz-Simon. Everything reflects her personal taste, and everything co-ordinates with everything else: the plummy, smoky, dramatic colours (" part Victorian, part D. H. Lawrence," as one devotee describes them), run from dresses through accessories to makeup—and the makeup colours change when the clothes do. Right now, they run to pearly-flecked gold foundation, dregs-of-wine lipstick, dusty-pink or plum face gloss, bluebottle shadows. . . . Next month, who knows?

The face at Dior . . . an Oriental princess

The haunting, evocative makeup Serge Lutens did for the mannequins at Dior, who were first required to shave off most of their eyebrows. . . . Face very pale, like delicate porcelain—sometimes lightly glazed with peach. Strong colour on eyes and mouth, but not at the same time: If the mouth is lacquer red, the eyes have only an underlining—also red; if the eyes are shadowed with blue, brown, or green, the mouth is pale, transparent, perhaps lightly touched with ashy rose. No colour on upper lids, but a flush of rose or peach above the eye area. . . . Sometimes, just for fun, at the midpoint over each eye, Lutens put a little Japanese-y black tuft.



SERGE LUTENS





BEAUTY BULLETIN FROM OUR

INTERNATIONAL PRIVATE EYE

SHORT HAIR, SHORT PANTS . . . LONG NECK, LONG LEGS . . . EVERYTHING CLEAR, CLEAN, ALLURING . . . HOW ONE YOUNG BEAUTY IN PARIS LOOKS NOW

The girl, *left,* is Katalin Kallay, a young Hungarian beauty seen in many of this issue's Paris pages—and everything about the way she looks is delicious, just right for now: the short, side-slicked hair, giving a small, sleek head . . . the tiny shorts making long legs longer . . . the warm, wide-curving smile that never, or seldom leaves her; "the smile comes from the eyes and the relaxed mouth," notes one observer. The whole look is clear, clean, totally attractive—human, young, and happy. . . . Like a young Argonaut, she wears around her neck a *toison d'or,* a golden fleece—this, the magnificent one designed by Frédérique Dauphin-Meunier for Cartier in Paris.

On faces now:

NEW LIGHT . . . EARTH LIGHT

The natural light of day, the natural pure colours of earth and sky . . . these illumine a new makeup scheme that's at home in the environment, and on your skin—where it glows with the warm, unforced brightness of life and health. This new scheme, by Charles of the Ritz, is called Face of the Earth Collection, and how some of the colours work can be seen, *opposite.* Highlighting the eyes and glossing the cheeks here is Cedar Mauve—one of six warm, clear Blushing Pommade CremeGel Spotlighters which can also be used as all-over face brighteners. On the mouth, Brandy Red FrostGel Liplighter, shined with Natural Lights lip gloss; each of the four Liplighter colours comes paired—two to a compact—with a natural, clear glosser. . . . ***The sunlit, natural look*** shines on in the hair. A verve-y brunette, lighted with red-and-gold glints, it's one of the new Sunlit Wigs by Charles of the Ritz—made of modacrylic fibre that looks like the healthiest, liveliest hair under the sun. In two lengths, twenty sun-gleamed colours at Charles of the Ritz Wig Boutiques. ***Light from the water:*** the magnificent cultured pearls . . . big, baroque, gloriously uneven . . . that rose, all glimmery, from a freshwater lake in Japan. In America at Seaman Schepps.

CLAUDE PICASSO

PENN



The COAT to wear over everything you own

Over shorts, over pants, over skirts—choose one coat that goes over anything, everything. Day, night, rain, shine. Once you've got one, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. . . . **Narrow in stripes,** near right: velvety water-scoffer of brown-and-cream printed fake suède, open and easy-breezy here over bright red ribs and cuffed flannel pants. Coat by Ginala, of rayon suède cloth. About $145. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Wool turtleneck, $35, and pants, $100, by Valentino. At Boutique Valentino. Cuffs by J. P. LeQuidre. Odyssey bag. **Narrow in scarlet vinyl,** far right: a velvet-dotty rain-or-shiner in spring's ring-a-ding colour—full of zip and smashing over black turtleneck, satin short shorts, superbelt and boots. Coat by Bill Blass for Bond Street, of polyurethane-coated nylon (Collagen fabric). About $120. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Korrigan sweater. Silk shorts by and at Sibley-Coffee. Belt: Henri Bendel. Danskin tights. Boots, both pages: Battani Boutique. Coiffures: Franklyn Welsh. . . . For the happiest, healthiest hair outdoors or in, try The Treatment de Pantene. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



The swinging coat to wear over everything you own

Navy wool buttoned in gold, left—
Norell's perfect sashed coat with wide lapels, patch pockets, and a full skirt that dashes along over everything else you wear. Monet earrings. Echo scarf. Grandoe gloves. Boots by Charles Jourdan. The coat, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. **Fake tan leather swinging in the rain—and sun,** right—big collar, big pockets, big zoom to the skirt. Coat by Weatherbee, of cotton coated with polyurethane (Ivy International fabric). About $90. At Lord & Taylor; Higbee's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

JACK ROBINSON


New York City
Ballet
NEW Y
NOVEM
ATE THEATER
BRUARY 14

The rolling cape to wear over everything you own

The rippling roll of a great Loden cape, above and right—all swing and fling with a big big collar and enough length, enough fullness to cover everything you wear. Betsy Theodoracopulos wears it over a white shirt and her Halston rust-and-green wool weskit and shorts. Cape by Ginala, of Anglo Fabrics wool (loomed in America). About $185. At Lord & Taylor; Bramson; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Belt by Canterbury. **The cape swings on in navy knit,** far right, with a tiny gilt chain at the collar—what a whirl for pretty girls like Florinda Bolkan to wear any time, over anything. By Kimberly; wool knitted in America. About $90. At Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Florinda's coiffure by Franklyn Welsh.

MRS. HARILAOS THEODORACOPULOS

FLORINDA BOLKAN



BERT STERN





The rain-coats to wear over every-thing you own

The latest trenchcoat, far left: classic rain-or-shine looks in natural undyed denim, just the length to cover everything . . . just the ticket to cover the world, along with a big canvas stuffle bag. Terrific, here, on Florinda Bolkan, smouldery beauty of the recent hit flick *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion.* Coat by Calvin Klein, of cotton denim (Joshua L. Baily fabric). About $95. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Kaufmann's; Lazarus; Marshall Field. Jax shoulderbag. **The Inverness cape,** near left, that swings right on whatever the weather —taupe gabardine tossed over a ribbed beige pullover and leopard-stencilled suède midi. Cape of textured polyester, about $110; cotton knit sweater and suède skirt, about $110. All by Frank Masandrea for Modelia. The turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Jacobson's, Michigan; H. & S. Pogue. Both pages: bracelets by Bob Lee for Hunting World. . . . Setting, these eight pages: New York's Lincoln Center Plaza.

FLORINDA BOLKAN

BERT STERN

LIVE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lionel Barrymore, one of the three great Barrymores, with Ethel and John, all children of Maurice Barrymore and Georgiana Drew. Lionel spent his last acting years in a wheelchair, barking, growling: tough on top, tapioca underneath. Played Dr. Gillespie in the *Dr. Kildare* series.

Bert Williams, a proud, magnificent Black comedian, a star of Flo Ziegfeld's *Follies*.

Mrs. Jack Gardner, a New Yorker thought eccentric by Boston's Brahmins. Mrs. Jack built her palace in Fenway where she installed her superb art collection, took as friend and semi-dealer Bernard Berenson, just out of Harvard.

Edith Wharton, a New Yorker who eventually settled in France. The author of *The Age of Innocence, The House of Mirth,* she wrote *Ethan Frome* which later became a play, starring Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

Ignace Paderewski (1860-1941), the great Polish pianist, composer of the "Minuet in G." The only famous pianist to become a political leader, he was premier of Poland in 1919 and head of the Polish government in exile in 1940-1941.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, American Transcendentalist, important essayist; he wrote poetry that included one about a squirrel that innumerable schoolchildren had to learn by heart.

Henry Thoreau, an American thinker who made Walden Pond famous, went to jail for civil disobedience with no thought of amnesty, and marched "to a different drummer."

Booth Tarkington, a special Hoosier, a novelist who lived essentially in Indiana no matter what his address. In the stage version of Tarkington's *Seventeen,* Ruth Gordon played the baby-talk girl Lola Pratt.

Homer Saint-Gaudens, a notable American sculptor who early on spent some years in the theatre.

Lotta Crabtree, an American star who became a favourite singer and dancer in the mining camps of California.

Maude Adams, a famous American star, specialist in James M. Barrie plays, especially *Peter Pan*. She retired in 1918, later taught drama at Stephens College in Missouri.

Jed Harris, a brilliant producer and director whose private life was fairly public until he withdrew from the theatre. Now and then, there is talk that he will again produce or direct.

Mrs. Duke, whose daughter is Doris Duke and whose husband was James Buchanan Duke, the greatest name in tobacco. Immensely rich, he induced Trinity College, North Carolina, to change its name to Duke University in 1924.

Lee Shubert, a short reticent man with the liveliness of a cigar-store Indian. With his two brothers, Sam and J. J., he controlled a large number of theatres in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Jones Harris, the son of Ruth Gordon.

The Theatre Guild, a remarkable group whose founders in 1919 were Lawrence Langner, Philip Moeller, Lee Simonson, and Maurice Wertheim. The Guild lasted a long time, withered away when most of its principals died. Its stars included Helen Westley, Edward G. Robinson, and Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. Its core, for years, was Theresa Helburn.

Lionel Barrymore stood in the wings watching the incomparable Bert Williams. "Isn't he great!" said Lionel.

"Yes," agreed the manager of St. Louis' Orpheum. "He's a good nigger and he knows his place."

Bert walked past. "Yes," said Bert, "he's a good nigger and he knows his place and it's Dressing Room Number 1."

Do *you* dress in Number 1? Is your show going to play Boston? Well, wherever you dress, do you know what a fen is? It's where Jude the Obscure walked, wrote Thomas Hardy. Back of Back Bay's Hotel Kenmore where the ballplayers stay is called the Fenway. It's where Mrs. Jack Gardner invited Edith Wharton, when her Florentine palace was ready for a housewarming. "Come at eleven minutes past eight tomorrow morning," she wrote.

"I wouldn't come to see *myself* at eight-eleven," replied Mrs. W.

Walk out around her palace, why don't you?

If you don't dress in Number 1, take a room in a rooming house on Commonwealth or Beacon or Marlborough. A lot of them still have trumpet vines and blue morning glories. If you dress in Room 1, write the Ritz. Say to put you on Eric's floor. He's been floor waiter since the old days. Ask for the corner suite that looks over Commonwealth Avenue at the Charles River and M.I.T. in Cambridge and across Arlington Street to the swan boats in the Public Garden. And if you want to look like you know what you're talking about, don't make it plural and don't call it the park. Massachusetts thought a park sounded royal. They don't even call Massachusetts a state. They're a Commonwealth and they have a Common and the Public Garden.

In your suite do all your phone calls in the middle room. That's Number 4. In Room 3, they can hear it across the hall and through the bathroom in Suites 1 and 2. Room 5 they can hear it in Room 6. That's the room beyond you and they can hear it in there better than who you're telephoning can.

From the window of the sitting room look at the house on the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Arlington Street. It was the great Sears mansion. Over in the Fenway at The Museum of Fine Arts hangs the Sargent painting of Miss Helen Sears painted in the Searses' drawing room where you're looking. It looks out at the Public Garden, too. I wish Sargent had also painted Mrs. Sears and Miss Helen receiving in the *jardin d'hiver* at the head of the stairs. The society page reported, "For her début, Miss Sears wore pink tulle and a pearl necklace, Mrs. Sears wore a white satin ballgown by Worth of Paris and her black diamonds." Zap! Wouldn't you like to see *that?* When *I* saw the *jardin d'hiver,* there was only a potted palm. The Ursuline Nuns occupied the house. "That's Cardinal Cushing," the nun pointed to a portrait. "This was the Searses' reception room. In there was their library. It had seven thousand books."

You're looking out your window at a house where the family had seven thousand books. How many have *you* got?

We went up a flight. "That mantelpiece over the fireplace is pink Parian marble," said the nun. "This was Miss Helen Sears's room." Pink tulle, pink Parian, I guess Helen's colour was pink.

Down a hall was the ballroom. "The floor doesn't work now, but it's still on springs." Talk about the light fantastic! There must've been plenty of that on Arlington Street,

RICH! SOME THINGS ARE EVEN FREE. RUTH GORDON TELLS HOW

Here, the second installment of memories, crammed with surprise tips and grace notes, from Ruth Gordon's autobiography Myself Among Others, *to be published this May by Atheneum. The first round appeared in March 1 Vogue. The third will be in April 1.*

corner of Commonwealth.

Are you playing the Shubert or Colonial? Whichever it is, it's "pull up your tights, girls!" Over at Searses' they were doing it on springs.

"After Mr. Paderewski played the organ up here in the music room at the top of the house, Mrs. Sears locked it up. It was never played again."

Whose organ do you know is locked up?

"What a lot of help they must have had."

"Thirty-two and a Chinaman."

Speaking of help if you don't know where to get a great dinner, go to Anthony's on the pier down past the South Station and off Atlantic Avenue. Have a bucket of steamed clams, a couple of steamed baby lobsters, popovers, of course, and look out the window over Boston Harbor while you wonder if you've got room for blueberry pie. Does that big freighter look like it's heading for Anthony's? Sit there! Don't ask for your check, it'll dock across the way. Is a voice over the loudspeaker telling you " 'The Star of Gibraltar,' hailing from Yokohama, Japan, carrying a cargo of toys for the Christmas trade, is now docking at Pier Four"?

If a week or two when things go great and you get Sunday off, don't fly to New York, you've been there. Drive forty minutes to Concord past cornfields now stacked, with piled-up pumpkins scattered around. Look in at Mr. Emerson's house across the road from where Louisa wrote *Little Women* in the Alcotts' house.

At Mr. Emerson's, notice a fine chair in his front hall, made for him by his hired man. He made it with a drawer to keep his Sunday gloves in, just under the seat. By the way, where do you keep *your* Sunday gloves? Henry Thoreau thought a drawer in the hall chair was a good place.

Well, even if you don't go, you'll know it's there. And has been for a long time. Don't ask me why, but knowing that makes you feel different when you're making up over at the Colonial. Or is it the Shubert?

Rehearsing and playing, you need to pack in a lot of energy. Do you like a great homemade brioche with some last-summer raspberry jam? Look out the sitting-room window that looks out across the Public Garden to the low red brick building on Boylston Street, then follow your look and go there. It's the Women's Industrial Union where if a woman wants her little girl to take piano lessons, she brings in some brioches she baked. Or if a woman wants her boy to get a dancing lesson, she brings in a coconut layer cake for you to buy and *she* gets most of your two dollars. That's how I could play "The Keys of Heaven" in Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* and do Nibs's pillow dance at the Empire when Homer Saint-Gaudens asked could I dance? Why couldn't I? My mother had baked a lot of good cakes. Think it over and get one at the Women's Industrial Union.

Could you take a five-minute stroll? Make it ten and go up on Beacon Street and look what Homer Saint-Gaudens' father made. He didn't make any cakes for the W.I.U., but he made the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial for the spot right across from where Bulfinch made his building with the gold-leaf dome. Boston's always liked show business, and young Robert Gould Shaw left an estate that last year gave a million dollars to Harvard to fix up their theatre collection. What are you and I going to leave them? Think it over.

"My father died in Boston."

"We died there, too. Where was your father playing?" That's the old vaudeville wheeze. Lotta Crabtree did die in Boston and at her own hotel opposite where the Hotel Touraine was; and her fortune, which started with golden nuggets tossed at her feet and was nursed into millions by her ma, is now the Lotta Crabtree Estate and giving away her millions from the Washington Street office. Look it up in the phone book under Lotta Crabtree. How many show folks do *you* know whose former nuggets rate a phone number?

There's no business like show business and now is a good time to think it over.

Do you go for hot fudge sundaes? Have the goodness to post a notice on the callboard that Bailey's, Temple Street, hot fudge runs over the edge of the silver dish. It still glonks on the saucer the way it did when I had it after the *Follies* matinee at the Colonial Theatre, still swooning over Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, and Ann Pennington, and had heard every word they said where now they can't hear you till they turn up the microphones. Put Bailey's, Temple Street, on the backstage callboard even though it's nothing to you. "The star of a show is not just some stuck-up shit-heel, he has to look out for the troupe," Guthrie McClintic told me or words to that effect. He gave me that note after the first performance in Stamford of *Saturday's Children,* when I wanted to go back to the hotel and cry, because the audience laughed twice on lines they weren't meant to. Guth said to go to the company party, because if I didn't they'd think I had some inside info that the show wouldn't get to New York. "A star is the captain," he said, "and looks out for not only himself, but also the troupe."

Think it over.

* * *

Did you know "the Halcyon days" aren't just in poetry? They're in *The Old Farmer's Almanac.* They're definite. Like the dog days. "The Halcyon days," says the Farmer, "begin December 11 and there're fourteen of them. The Mediterranean at that time of year is usually pretty calm after some blustering winds. They're called Halcyon or Alcyon."

Is that if you are or are not a cockney?

A Halcyon day just before *A Doll's House* opened in New York, young Lorna Lynn ran into trouble. Three years old and had played *A Doll's House* in Central City, Toronto, Detroit, Madison, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Cincinnati, then Gerry's Society went for her. "A three-year-old child can not be on the stage."

"Why?" asked Jed Harris.

"It endangers her health."

"Did it endanger Maude Adams's? She went on at six weeks. Did it endanger Lillian and Dorothy Gish's? Did it endanger nine-year-old Helen Hayes Brown's who left home to act in *Old Dutch* with Weber and Fields?"

Everybody got worked up and the mayor said he'd see what *he* thought. Three-year-old Lorna and thirty-eight-year-old Jed were ushered into the mayor's office.

The mayor greeted Harris and lifted Lorna onto his knee. "How old are you, dear?"

"Three."

"What's your name?"

"Lorna."

"What's your other name?"

"Lynn. What's yours?"

(Continued on page 113)

the new SHEIK

A GLORIOUS TENT FOR FASHIONABLE NOMADS HERE AND NOW



Angelo Donghia, young New York designer-decorator, finds escape from the harsh realities of a steel and glass world in this romantically beautiful tent where he and his guests can relax on soft cushions or low divans, wrapped in sensuous colour and pattern, where everything pleases the eye. The city seems a distant mirage seen through wide curtained doorways. One feels serene and very, very attractive. That's why Mr. Donghia installed a wedding tent from Afghanistan in his drawing room, will pitch it in the garden next summer. That's why he is making its counterpart available to others. Made of hand-appliquéd cotton panels and borders, laced or sewn together, the tents and furnishings produced in Afghanistan by Ira Seret, imported by Angelo Donghia's firm, & Vice Versa. The tent, 20'x20'x10', $3,000. Through decorators at & Vice Versa, 979 Third Ave., N.Y. In late April, Bloomingdale's, N.Y., will have the bedcover, $125; cushions, $25 to $50; the 90" round table cover, also shower curtains and table linens all of the appliquéd fabrics. Later they will be at Higbee's in Cleveland, Dayton's in Minneapolis, Burdine's in Miami, Marshall Field in Chicago, Rich's in Atlanta and all I. Magnin stores. Fabric by the yard, at & Vice Versa.





HORST

Above: Six of the shapeliest chairs making the news now, legless, luxurious, and strong on colour. Dondoli Italian white Fiberglas rocker designed by Cesare Leonardi, at Stendig, 410 E. 62nd St., N.Y.* Design Media modular foam scoop chair in orange stretch fabric, Polycube, $60, Bloomingdale's, N.Y. Superb leather Ciuingam chair by De Curso, De Pas, D'Urbino & Lomazzi, imported by Stendig. A tour de force, La Fiocco, by the Italian group, G.14 Progettizione, zips stretch fabric over a tubular frame. An import, Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; $350. Founders' foam module, 28" x 14" x 14", in red or green stretch fabric. Button them together to make sofa or bed. $30, Gimbels, N.Y. Pierre Paulin's stack chair in yellow stretch fabric, $275. Imported by Turner T, 305 E. 63rd St., N.Y. Cluster lamp, Orbic, 60" high, $360 excluding bulbs. Luten, Clarey & Stern, 1059 Third Avenue, New York. Giant bare bulbs highlight the news. *Shown right:* Reading from left to right, Pimms, a bold geometric print, unmistakably by David Hicks, the newsmaking English decorator-author. From his first collection of sheets, pillowcases, and towels for Stevens-Utica. The giant arrow is Plumline, a Limited Editions bath towel by Fieldcrest, $10. Below it, left, Kashmir, bold-scaled floral treillage cotton print, 52", $13.50 yd. Wallpaper, $18 single roll. Mirabelle, Annie Chazotte's pow flower print, $16.50 yd. Wallpaper, $16.80 single roll. Both at Woodson Papers, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.* Lovely Moongold yellow no-iron sheet, $7.50 twin size from the Vera Collection for Burlington. Beyond it, revolutionary zingy pink bath towel in a luxurious no-bulk terry by Martex. Zephyr bath towel, $7.50. Bottom left, Barcelona, dramatic nylon shag carpeting by Bigelow, $9.95 sq. yd. Black-and-white Zebra and tawny Tiger bath towels, each $3.50 from the Fieldcrest Safari Collection. Spring is a Greensleeves-green nylon shag carpeting, Psychedelia, Lees Carpets. $9.95 sq. yd. A smashing wallpaper, Trifid, $36 double roll, at Clarence House, 40 East 57th St., N.Y.*

*THROUGH ARCHITECTS AND DECORATORS

18 PUT-togethers

FOR COOL SUMMER LIVING



FASHIONS IN LIVING

Victor Lukens, New York architect-designer, is an innovator. He was a mathematical prodigy in his teens, studied architecture at The University of Virginia, worked in the family steel mills and has made award-winning documentary films. It was the film-making which led him to explore Plexiglas as a structural material with dazzling possibilities, affecting light-colour-shape in never-before ways. From this has come a mind-boggling flow of Plexiglas ideas, then prototypes made by hand for industry to follow. Some of these designs are already in production, others are planned soon to be. Special designs may be ordered. *Above:* Victor Lukens's model of a spherical Plexiglas building for an exposition. The interior is silvered and mirrored, the floors transparent so that people seem to be suspended in space. Sound is absorbed, lapping around one like waves. Mr. Lukens is now finishing plans for a spherical house to be built on Long Island. This house of the future will rest in a pool, its interior space broken into "floating" rooms.

Fantasy in PLEXIGLAS

DESIGNS FOR HERE AND NOW BY VICTOR LUKENS

Above: Victor Lukens's astonishingly beautiful living room began as a dull modern box, transformed by Epoxy layered on walls, ceiling, and floor, rubbed to a reflecting, space-exploding texture. Casement windows hide behind white Plexiglas columns branching out to the walls. A partition now provides pass-through, a moulded-in T.V., speakers, and lighting. Intriguing as a toy, the love seat reverses when its bolster back rolls across the arms. It is being manufactured in opaque plastic by George Beylerian. The great silver sphere is an environment of clear Plexiglas, silvered to varying thicknesses. Double walls make it a cool, quiet retreat. Insiders see out, but outsiders can not see in. What a marvellous folie for a garden or a rooftop. Two half-sphere chairs, by the pass-through, are clear Plexiglas metalized, one colour outside, another inside. Add a cushion and sink into a rainbow. By the window, a clear blue chair rests on an invisible sling. The great white sofa-bed, 198" long, houses food storage and a bar in the concave ends metalized in zingy red and blue. Lamps are white Plexiglas with interlocking arcs of colour. $300; Scarabaeus, 223 E. 60th St., N.Y. Special orders: The Environment Factory, 300 E. 51st St., N.Y.

BERRY BERENSON

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



1

MARY RUSSELL



2

Sexy legs

3

Great to see so much leg . . . legs at their best . . . prancing through the streets, dancing through the evening . . .

1. 2. In Paris, ***Elsa Martinelli*** in multi-colour crochet shorts from Dorothée Bis, long brown sweater, high brown suède boots under a fox coat. ***Penelope Tree*** in a great black hat, D'Artagnan-feathered. by Yves Saint Laurent, ginger suède shorts from the Western House in Paris, brown suède boots from Elliot's in London, and a black hand-knit sweater from Shape Boutique in London. . . . **3.** In New York, ***Pat Cleveland*** in caramel-colour vinyl shorts, appliquéd with black vinyl flowers, and caramel vinyl coat, a black jersey turtleneck. $375 at Ayako, 233 East 53rd Street. . . . **4.** ***Cathy Brothers*** and ***Florence Grinda*** whipping out of the Isle of Capri Restaurant. Cathy's blue-white-and-yellow crochet shorts, $25, and cap, $6, at Genesis, 1290 Madison Avenue. Florence's chrome-yellow-and-cerulean-blue shorts, sweater, and high, heavy yellow socks from Boutique Beige, 65 rue St. André des Arts, Paris, and her big monkey fur coat, by Revillon. . . .



4

JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

More sexy legs



1



2



3

HAIR COMBED BY ARTHUR OF KENNETH



4

JACK ROBINSON

1. At Maxwell's Plum, ***Karen Bjornson*** in pearl-grey velvet shorts, appliquéd with a red suède heart, $30. Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, 308 East 53rd Street. Scarlet chiffon shirt, $60, Sibley-Coffee, 331 East 58th Street. Karen's sexy legs covered up in scarlet polka dots from Beautiful Bryans. . . . ***Sharon Harts'*** short shorts and shirt: floaty nylon tricot, flowered and striped in violet, pale mauve, and watery blue. $50 at Roses are Red, Violets are Blue. . . . Both girls got their red lace-up sandals from Herbert Levine. . . . **2.** At Hippopotamus, ***Florence Grinda*** in black satin short-shorts overalls, three patch pockets in cloud-print blue satin. By Mr. Freedom, 430 King's Road, London. . . . **3.** ***Cathy Brothers*** in violet-and-blue printed panne velvet cropped jacket, tiny pants, by Jean Bouquin, 11 Rue St. Benoir, Paris. . . . **4.** ***Betty Catroux*** in the black matte jersey shorts and tunic, the red fox boa that Yves Saint Laurent made for her New York visit. . . .

Rome



ALEXIS WALDECK

The ravishing Romans were among the first to show off their sexy legs in short shorts. . . . ***Pilar Crespi*** arrives at the Numero Uno club all in scarlet satin: shorts, shirt and cape, all by Valentino, with Valentino's wide velvet belt clasped with golden eagles' heads; Dal Cò black satin boots. . . .

LIVE RICH!

(Continued from page 103)

"La Guardia. Do you like to be in the play?"

"Yes."

"Why is that, dear?"

"They're nice."

"Who is?"

"The people."

"What people?"

"The people in the play."

"Where did you play the play?"

"Oh, Chicago and Toronto and Cincinnati and—"

"What's Cincinnati like?"

Lorna looked surprised. "Don't *you* know?"

"I don't see it's done her any harm," said La Guardia. "Let her play the show."

On the way out a reporter asked Lorna, "What do you think of the Mayor?"

"Very cute," she said.

Boston or New York don't have nicknames, but a name like Philadelphia is asking for it. Philly, for a lot of us, but not everyone. "Where do you open?" Sherwood asked Jane Cowl.

Jane looked pensive. "Philamadelphums."

I don't know where Inigo Jones put the pipes at Wilton House in London when he designed it for the Herbert family, but they seemed to keep warm enough. Mrs. Duke didn't complain about feeling cold when Lady Juliet Duff was showing her the great double cube room with the portraits of the Herbert family painted by Vandyke in that same room. Mrs. Duke was interested in paintings. She was buying some for her own collection.

They got to the hall. "This tapestry was a gift of Henry VIII to the Herberts," said Juliet.

"I'm not interested in textiles," said Mrs. Duke.

Who fixes up your place? You or a decorator? The first one was Elsie de Wolfe, later became Lady Mendl. Before all that, she was a stage star.

"What was she like?" I asked John Emerson.

"More a personality. Her personality was like Kate Hepburn's."

John had been a stage star, too, before he and his wife wrote all the terrific silents that Constance Talmadge acted in. Then Mrs. E. [Anita Loos] looked into her crystal ball and, seeing Women's Lib, she got her own pen and paper and wrote *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*

John was the only one I ever knew who saw Elsie act, but all of us saw the rooms she decorated. Her first big chance was a house up Fifth Avenue for a Pittsburgh tycoon named Frick. Elsie worked out her design and presented it. Mr. Frick looked long and carefully, then said, "I like it very much, Miss de Wolfe, and I would like to see a second choice."

Elsie told us that was the moment when her fate was in the balance. "Mr. Frick," she said, "when I design a house, there *is* no second choice."

Time stood still. Henry Clay Frick thought.

You can bet Elsie thought, too.

"Go ahead with your plans, Miss de Wolfe."

That was the moment for Elsie. For Mr. Kellogg, his was corn flakes. For Mr. Ford, his was a Ford. For Mr. Bergdorf, his was Mr. Goodman. When yours comes, take a position.

Elsie believed in position. "Will you come for dinner Sunday night? Before you reply, I think I should tell you the dinner is for my dear friend Mike Romanoff."

"Fine."

"I've been told that if I give a dinner for him every door in Beverly Hills will be closed to me. They said that in London when I was doing something or other. 'Every door in London will be closed to you,' they said. I told them, 'The only door I care about being closed to me is my own.' "

At her house in Benedict Canyon, dinner was served in the orchard. The table was set on the turf and surrounding us were pear trees strung with heavy white silk rope, their leaves shining through white silken loops. It was lit by a treasure she'd known in Vienna, and when he came as a refugee to our country, Elsie set him up in business. Did you know it was she that first thought of lighting gardens at night?

Something else she thought of was to send furniture to her cabin when she sailed. Also linen sheets, pillows, pillowcases, towels, napkins, and blankets. Walker-Gordon sent their unpasteurized milk on board and eggs marked E. de W. in indelible ink. She made an indelible impression on a liner. She made an indelible impression everywhere. Goodnight, Elsie, wher*ever* you are, who got the gold unicorn? Do *they* keep a white camellia beside it?

I don't know if Al Jolson was a *Ja-sager.* One year his yuletide message in *Variety* was "Merry Christmas to all except one."

Does that make him an optimist? Merry Christmas to everybody but one is a good percentage. The Broadway grapevine said the "one" was the Shubert who'd first brought him to the Winter Garden, then named a theatre the Jolson.

Well, that's show business.

"Pass 2, Lee Shubert," wrote Mr. Lee in the *Livre d'or* at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo.

"Lee wants you to come to Monte Carlo with us." Marcella was on the phone.

"Love to. Jones is with us and Garson's mother."

"Just a minute. . . . Lee says bring them. We'll drive over and pick you up at seven and. . . . What, Lee? . . . Lee says bring your passports for when we go in the casino or they charge three hundred francs."

Mr. Lee was good at trimming the budget.

A little before seven when I went downstairs, a chauffeur was wandering around the big hall.

"Que voulez-vous?" I asked.

"Pardon, Est-ce que Monsieur et Madame Kanin demeurent ici?"

"Oui."

He hurried off and a minute later a big black limo drove up. "Lee sent the chauffeur in to ask," said Marcella. "He took a look at the place and told me I had the address wrong. 'The Kanins don't live in a place like that and I don't want to get thrown out.' "

We rented Les Rochers from Peggy Singer. It had been built by Paris Singer for Isadora Duncan, and just before he had had the sixteenth-century apothecary shop installed on the third floor and the thirteenth-century chapel anchored just above the waterline, the lovers had a quarrel.

"Pass 2, Lee Shubert," he wrote with his stylo, but no principle was involved; the *Livre d'or* was so heavy no one would show up with *that* at the door of the Broadhurst and expect two gratis.

At the Casino, we presented our passports and saved three hundred francs each, then Mr. Lee bought us each a stack of

(Continued on page 120)

SILICONE

(Continued from page 87)

recently that he acknowledged its existence; until a few years ago he held an intransigent position toward any kind of non-biological implantation. No foreign materials, he felt, should be introduced permanently into the human body, nothing but the body's own resources, for, he believed, implants automatically triggered the body's defense mechanisms, resulting in inflammatory reactions, infections, and extrusion of the implant. But silicone, Dr. Dingman finally had to concede, seemed different; the body *did* tolerate it, without the problems connected with natural grafts: additional scarring, absorption into the body, limited supply, and the need to fashion and use the graft immediately.

Some basic precautions for silicone implants: they should not have sharp corners or edges; they should be buried deeply under the skin to prevent traumas and, consequently, extrusion. Tension in the adjacent tissue and overlying skin should be avoided, and the silicone implant should have the same identical consistency and shape as the living material for which it is meant to become an *ersatz*. This holds true for artificial heart valves, bands encircling detached retinas, ear prostheses, implants replacing the floor of fractured orbits, implants for testicles, capping of nerve endings, artificial joints replacing those deformed by arthritis . . . and the list could continue indefinitely.

Dr. Milton Edgerton is a youthful man in his late forties who walks with the elastic confident walk—perfected by John Wayne—which, abroad, immediately singles out The American in a crowd. And yet it is difficult to imagine Dr. Edgerton outside a hospital, without his white gown and doing anything but working for his patients. Ironically, his friendly blue eyes, the totally reassuring warm smile, the soft Atlanta accent would make of this sophisticated surgeon the ideal general practitioner. And Dr. Edgerton, I have the feeling, would consider this a compliment.

Now Chief of Plastic Surgery at the University of Virginia Medical Center, Dr. Edgerton spent twenty-three years at The Johns Hopkins Hospital. For the last fifteen years, although he performs in all areas of plastic and reconstructive surgery, his name has been linked to one major field: the relationship between psychology and plastic surgery.

Surgeons generally agree that in their profession they are dealing not only with body injuries or defects but more often with complicated human emotions; yet in general, their attitudes toward a systematic psychological approach vary a great deal and they still consider it too difficult to accomplish. Dr. Edgerton has had the will and the opportunity of going all the way: for years he has been working steadily with a team of psychiatrists.

To understand the motives for seeking plastic surgery in patients with congenital defects or in those disfigured by accidents is not difficult; there are no problems other than those imposed by the limitations of a specific surgical procedure and by the patient's more than natural depression, anguish, and, in the case of accident, the shattering of a patient's body image—"that composite picture which the individual has of his own body"—and, consequently, of his self-esteem.

More subtle problems arise with patients whose deformities are subjective, or altogether nonexistent. The surgeon who readily agrees to any request for plastic surgery, Dr. Edgerton feels, as well as the circumspect one who automatically refuses the operation when he realizes that the patient is more in need of psychoanalysis than of surgery, are both wrong. It is not enough politely to turn away a patient who claims his life is made unbearable by his "dreadful" nose (which may be a perfectly fine nose), it might even be wrong and dangerous for the patient's psychic well-being. It is up to the plastic surgeon to determine carefully but rapidly whether surgery would be emotionally beneficial to a patient or whether surgery should be postponed and the patient referred to a trusted and specially trained psychiatrist. The psychiatrist, unlike the classic therapists working for months and years on a patient's total life structure, should work succinctly on the patient's specific psychic problems relating to the reasons for the request for plastic surgery.

Dr. Edgerton's attitude toward liquid silicone is one of friendly ambivalence. While solid silicone is, naturally, part of his standard equipment, he could build, he said, a lecture on how wonderful liquid silicone is and then, in the same breath, on all that is still wrong with the way it is used and how patiently the committee should evaluate silicone's long-range effects for several more years. But then, surgeons are human, Dr. Edgerton noted, and even when they are engaged in an impartial scientific research, their conclusions reflect their individual experiences. If a doctor has excellent results with injecting silicone in the face and bad ones injecting it, let's say, in the legs, he will report that liquid silicone is *good* for the face and *bad* for the lower extremities, and will argue in good faith with his colleague's contradicting finding.

The most wary of all eight physicians about liquid silicone seems to be Dr. Dicran Goulian, Chief of Plastic Surgery at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Ebullient, outspoken, his Armenian black eyes on fire when he disagrees with you, and punctuating a good argument with energetic taps of his pipe on a cork-centred ashtray, Dr. Goulian seems to disapprove of the stuff.

Liquid silicone, Dr. Goulian said, is never to be used in the eyelids or anywhere around the eyes: the hope of ironing out, by filling those fine ripples that announce aging in a still young face, is unrealistic. The thin overlying skin is often insufficient to conceal the silicone mass underneath, which shows, bluish and lumpy, from under the translucent skin. It is unwise to use liquid silicone in areas of the body subjected to pressure, even if moderate, since it would permanently move away from the pressure site along lines of least resistance.

Liquid silicone is of limited value in filling up pitted or depressed scars. The firm scar tissue may act like a barrier to the silicone which may then trickle into the surrounding soft tissue, thus accentuating rather than diminishing the depression. And there is no value in the belief that silicone can substitute for surgery in removing excess skin of an aging face. It might make excess skin appear less excessive but the very contour of the face would be altered; the face would look puffed up, as if the effects of a sleepless night had been fixed on for good. And finally, everyone should keep in mind, and explain to the "misinformed prospective patient," that once injected, silicone is impossible to remove *completely*.

At this point, Dr. Goulian's portrait of liquid silicone made me feel like an FDA official hoping to bury the silicone folder underneath hundreds of others. But then, after filling himself a fresh pipe, Dr. Goulian soberly began to confirm that, indeed, injections of silicone are excellent for small facial asymmetries caused by accidents, and for repairing tissue loss from shoulders and arms, or to smooth those nasty little lines on the forehead, on the sides of the nose, or converging on the upper lip, which alone can age a young face and often resist the most drastic facelift.

Dr. Joseph E. Murray is Professor of Surgery at the Harvard Medical School and Plastic Surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. White-haired, erect, lean in body as he is spare with words, his hexagonal glasses held together by a fragile gold wire, Dr. Murray, fifty, seems to relegate liquid silicone to the smallest possible segment of his professional time. His conservative attitude seems surprising for one of the pioneers of organ transplant—Dr. Murray is the surgeon who in 1954 performed the world's first successful kidney transplant in man—but not for an authentic New Englander such as he: prudent, a nature enthusiast, a man impressed by almost nothing.

Dr. Murray attends all of the silicone panel's meetings and is available for scientific consultations on his colleagues' experiments but has not personally injected any liquid silicone, except for facial hemiatrophies, and this only after July 1969. "I was asked to be part of the Dow Corning panel because of my reputation in medical research," Dr. Murray said with the matter-

of-factness which self-effacing people find so irritating. "The problems that liquid silicone attempts to solve have been around for hundreds of years; it won't hurt to wait a few more."

For Dr. Norman Orentreich, Clinical Associate Professor of Dermatology at New York University Medical Center, and the most optimistic member of the silicone committee, silicone is something that is immediately needed.

Slender, mercurial, his anthracite-black hair powdered with grey on the sideburns, Dr. Orentreich is all energy and bursting with new ideas. The result: some people declare him temerarious; an equal number, a genius. For his part, Dr. Orentreich seems amused, almost flattered by being controversial, in fact encouraged by it to go even further in his research. One of his most famous accomplishments was an original technique he and a few other doctors are now successfully performing on an ever increasing number of grateful men and a few women, too: the hair transplant.

Silicone with its immense possibilities has intrigued Dr. Orentreich since 1954 when it entered his professional life, and has remained a favourite ever since. In the beginning, when it hadn't yet become a controversial drug, Dr. Orentreich used to buy it from General Electric and purify it in his own laboratory. He experimented for years with all its degrees of viscosity and possible vulcanizations, and by now he trusts it like an old friend. All past disasters connected with liquid silicone injections, he feels, are due exclusively to a combination of impurities in the silicone and doctors' misuse.

It should take months to inject silicone, Dr. Orentreich emphasized. Releasing a tiny droplet at a time, patiently—more patiently than it is usually done—with a sharp new needle, perfect control of the syringe, and with a total knowledge of the skin's different thickness in different areas (in order to inject the silicone *exactly* where planned) is all that is needed. No anaesthesia—except, sometimes, a freezing of the area with ethyl chloride which has anaesthetic effects—no massage, no vibrator: just a gentle pressure of the fingers right after the injections and a lot of time at both the doctor's and the patient's disposal. In Dr. Orentreich's opinion, a skillful doctor can safely inject silicone everywhere in the body: from ironing out the rumplings from the diaphanous skin near the eyes and on the back of the hand, to filling up frail thighs and calves.

Dr. Thomas Rees is one of the first names New Yorkers, laymen and physicians alike, think of when they mention plastic surgery. I have the feeling that in the address books of most established (and aspiring) models on the East Coast, Dr. Rees's name is entered even before those of modelling agencies.

Many of Dr. Rees's admirers perhaps don't know that he not only plays tennis with the Aga Kahn in Sardinia but that he was born in Utah, the son of a Mormon professor of biology, that he is Associate Professor of Clinical Surgery at the Institute of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery of New York University Medical Center, and that at twenty-eight he was already the favourite pupil of the legendary Archibald McIndoe, one of the fathers of modern plastic surgery. Fifteen years ago, the two surgeons, who shared a vivid passion for Africa, founded the East Africa Flying Doctors Service. Now an internationally supported organization, the Service began as the dream of these two courageous men, who spent their money and their vacations operating in primitive missionary hospitals isolated, except for a radio transmitter, from the rest of the world. To get to these hospitals they flew, for hundreds of miles, in a sturdy little Cessna airplane.

New Yorkers do know, however, that Dr. Rees is a great plastic surgeon and *very* attractive, too. And I can add that in the operating room he makes it all seem so easy. After having operated with a rusty knife in a candlelit African hut, the most head-spinning surgical crises can no longer ruffle him.

With the exception of the cases of facial hemiatrophy, Dr. Rees is not too enthusiastic about liquid silicone. Expression lines on the face filled with silicone look good for a few weeks, he believes. They'll be back, unless the impossible task of changing the pattern of a person's facial expression can be accomplished. His lack of enthusiasm does not extend to the silicone gel for breast implants: the idea is great, he feels, though none of the available prostheses is perfect for every situation. He uses the long-tested Cronin implants (but almost never the larger sizes) when the patient shows a marked preference for it and in cases when he can reasonably hope the implants won't make the breasts look unnatural when the tissue inevitably begins to sag after a few years, while the implants, anchored to the chestwall because of the Dacron backing, remain at their original position. For the same reason, he sometimes removes the Dacron mesh.

Dr. Rees reserves the Ashley implants for patients who have undergone subcutaneous mastectomy, that is, removal of the breast gland following chronic infection or repeated biopsies. Also for women who underwent simple or radical mastectomy (respectively, removal of gland, skin, and nipple; and of gland, skin, nipple, *and* pectoral muscle) because of malignant tumours, plastic surgery can do something, although not so quickly as after subcutaneous mastectomy, and not so smoothly. For one, the surgeon has first to verify the safety of a reconstruction, then graft skin and nipple, and only afterwards can he think of rebuilding the breast contour.

One alternative—heart-breaking for any woman but medically sound, because with certain forms of malignant tumours it is only a matter of time before these appear in the second breast—is mastectomy performed on both breasts at once: simple or radical (whatever is needed) on the tainted breast, subcutaneous on the still healthy one, utilizing the latter's excess skin and part of the nipple to immediately rebuild the superficial loss of the first, thus insuring relief from a future cancer nightmare and also a certain symmetry. Later, when it is safe to consider beauty, the insertion of the implants will be faster, easier, and it will be easier to match one breast to the other.

For those patients who would benefit from smaller implants and who are self-confident and willing to try a relatively new procedure, Dr. Rees uses the Klein prosthesis, a recent variation of the so-called balloon implant: a smooth round silicone envelope inserted empty through a tiny incision beneath the breast areola, placed, as usual, behind the mammary gland, filled sparingly with a harmless saline solution through a miniscule valve, and finally sealed. This implant's smooth surface won't stick to the chestwall, and since no fibrous tissue can grow around it, it will be ultimately lighter than the smallest of the Cronin implants and perhaps more lifelike. This kind of woman, Dr. Rees believes, won't panic should the balloon leak (balloon prostheses *do* leak sometimes), and understands that these can be most easily removed and replaced.

Fifty years have passed since the days Frederick Stanley Kipping, a British chemist, accidentally and repeatedly produced in his laboratory in Nottingham some "unattractive glues" he had no use for: silicone. In the *best* scientific tradition, Professor Kipping did not realize that he had stumbled on something that would revolutionize both industry and medicine.

At the moment, the eight American doctors who are on the Dow Corning committee have almost completed their preliminary reports on liquid silicone. Before long, liquid silicone may be pronounced a harmless, useful drug. If this happens, many physicians and prospective patients will feel a new era has started for them. Others are already concerned and anticipate countless disasters due to over-enthusiastic and indiscriminate injections by any M.D. fresh from medical school. But I came away with one certainty: provided the neophytes learn to inject silicone with fastidiousness, stinginess, and crawling slowness, this darling man-made chemical Shmoo won't let anybody down.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article on silicone is one of several about cosmetic and reconstructive surgery which will appear in book form and will be published by Delacorte Press.* ▼

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . TELEVISION

"THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM MACHINE"

The dreamy new show: Will its success set it for self-destruct?

BY JOHN LAHR

The Great American Dream Machine (Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EST, on Public Broadcasting) tries to be an antidote to the visual and intellectual goop served up by the major networks. An hour and a half of variety—opinion, cartoons, documentaries, theatrical sketches; there is no moderator to bore you, no commercials to tease your mind away from the important issues of the day and the task of defining who we are as a culture. The idea is fascinating; the execution as slick as any Campbell's soup commercial. This is quality with a capital "K." In kicking over smooth stones to expose the maggots, the *Dream Machine* has taken its viewers to the re-opening of the bombed-out Pacifica radio station in Houston, Texas, and to the Oberlin College campus, in Ohio, to examine the student situation. Wherever the society seems to be exposing its raw nerves, the educational-television cameras are not far behind.

I have no doubt that this show is one of the finest on television, certainly it has attracted some of the most colourful, acerbic, and outspoken observers of our culture: Marshall Efron—a fine satirist—whose consumer-guide sketches are startling and bitter (how that boy can cook with artificial ingredients!); Nick von Hoffman, mixing radical political thoughts with Byronic looks, and Studs Terkel chomping hard on his cigar to keep his enthusiasm for the slice of Middle America he interviews from effervescing over the barroom table. In all the heavy irony and belaboured grotesquerie (documentaries on Sun City, Demolition Derby, Chicago's ninety-two-storey Hancock Building), it is the energy and wit of people like these that show us the positive side of America's Gorgon head.

But *The Great American Dream Machine,* even if it wants to tell more of the truth, is still victim of the dream technology, probing American myths with a device whose very nature is mythmaking. Whether Paul Jacobs is brilliantly exposing the Atomic Energy Commission or M. Stanton Evans is arguing with demonic placidity that the answer to our economic ills is the the elimination of the minimum wage (!), the issues are still served us as entertainment.

Every segment is visually sumptuous; they are a "delight to watch": Bruce Davidson's photographs of Harlem, the ads that sell doctors the prescriptions they sell us, even a brilliant opening collage to the show that makes concentration camps and carnage somehow gorgeous. We are seduced by surfaces. Words can not compete with the picture's allure. These images haunt us in the isolation of the living room; but can they really move us to action or sustain thought?

I doubt it. Images blur into the forgettable mist of daily impressions. As part of the dream landscape of our mind, they all have the same *weight.* Having been dolled-up and chiselled to fit time slots, they are no "deeper" or more "truthful" than the world they would criticize. Studs Terkel asked a retired house painter why Agnew made him "feel good."

"He speaks with conviction."

The answer is pertinent to television: a medium that has turned a floorwalker into a political force. Whether true or false, right or left, television's images are always *convincing.* Images battle for our attention; and in this emotional stalemate, it is only the person who has the technology, not the authentic ideas, who holds sway. ▼

PAPER HOUSE

(Continued from page 82)

by neighbours who—lucky for them—are getting away on holiday, the song thrush (oh, so many!) that the dog will eventually eat, the rabbit which Dolores won in a raffle and which rendered all access to the second bathroom we are so proud of utterly impossible for two solid weeks. Dog, cat, pigeon, rabbit, everything you need to make a nice counting rhyme. Paper house, house with ever-banging, flapping doors—I try in vain to keep those doors closed, to caulk all the cracks through which everything runs away, is lost, or finds its way in. But is it right to close, to caulk, to arrange in rows, to immobilize one's world?

And when we were married, Jacques and I, it was with such good intentions! We were putting our lives in order at last, and they were going to stay that way. For a while we were quite drunk with the idea of the sensible, practical life that lay ahead. We would cease to be children, we would become the model adult couple our children (already certain of their places in this world) would need. It was an orgy of practical fantasy, an inside-out romantic dream that procured us the most intense pleasure. Enough of Venice and Mozart! Our talk was all of sideboards, laundry baskets, budgets-to-be. When we went out together, it was to the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville to buy chromium-plated taps much cheaper than the ones sold by the local ironmonger (we saved 95 old francs a tap). Later we found ourselves in a Chinese restaurant spending ten times the cost of the taps. But we were still under the watchful eye of our models, that ideal and ghostly couple who haunted us, so that even in the restaurant we pretended we were there "to talk things over seriously."

We would come home very late, tipsy on bad red wine but clutching reams of paper covered in scribbled figures that we then immediately misplaced.

Why did that ideal couple never materialize? Why were those rigorously drawn-up budgets never applied, those ingenious do-it-yourself projects never taken further than the rough-sketch stage, those general principles (Jacques: "No animals, ever" Me: "Do one room thoroughly every day") immediately jettisoned? The animals arrived, the rooms became cluttered with things (another general principle was NO KNICKKNACKS!), which made cleaning them nearly impossible. . . . It has all grown up around us like the proliferating vegetable life of the jungle. We lived for ten years on the illusion that "we need only move." And then we moved. . . .

Digression on knickknacks. Dolores says: "If only they were worth something!" Ah, we use their very worthlessness as our only excuse.

The process was simple, looking back. The taps were never fitted. The handles of the doors vanished one after the other. The windows ceased to meet, despite their docility during the reign of the previous owner. The wash-basin, finding itself no longer treated with the respect it merited, stubbornly stopped itself up and stubbornly stayed that way, despite the weekly ministrations of a plumber whom age and drunkenness never discouraged from pestering me with amorous advances. The bathtub was more accommodating: It provided us with hot water in abundance, it welcomed us for hours on end into its bosom, sometimes several at a time; but in order to make it clear nevertheless that it would not allow too much familiarity, it refused—through the intermediary of a recalcitrant plug handle, refusing to connect with the plug firmly stuck in its depths—ever to empty itself.

"We must have this stopper thing changed," Jacques would say to me in a preoccupied voice as he lay in the tub reading *Le Monde.*

"Yes, darling, of course. . . ."

But the plumber felt differently: "Now really, my dear, you can't go on calling a fellow like this just for a plug. You can manage with it as it is, can't you? All you need do is pull it and *hold* it while the bath empties."

So we pull it and hold it, Dolores or me, bent double over the edge of the bath, our faces contorted with the effort, one arm immersed to the shoulder in the by-now-icy water that does eventually, albeit very slowly, ebb away. But more often we do not hold it, and the bath remains

full for several hours, providing the children with an opportunity to launch a fishing fleet on it (shrieks when we do decide to empty it) or Juanito with the chance to make scientific experiments: the immersion of a cat, of a salad bowl, of a volume of our Pléiade Balzac, which, having undergone three or four duckings and then being dried as many times on the kitchen boiler, has taken on the twisted, tortured aspect of a marine trophy, of some age-old Greek amphora, of a coral-encrusted crab. But we do get on quite well with the bath, all the same; it is like an old lady, capricious, but kindly too, in her way.

I could never say as much of the two chairs that suddenly let you down, of the food cupboard, particularly sly, which still pinches our fingers despite all the kindliness and repairs lavished upon it, or of the refrigerator which even in its earliest youth stubbornly insisted on producing quantities of murky and inexplicable water during the night, dousing the food committed to its charge, and which has grown no more continent with age. The sideboard has lost its keys on numerous occasions, and what is one to do at a quarter past one when the children are stamping and champing—I'll be late for school!—and one is deprived of access to one's crockery? "Sandwiches," said Cathie, our guardian angel whom nothing could ever faze. Of course. For the children it was a perfect solution, as is anything that is out of the normal run, and while we were stuffing them with bread and cheese, Taxi, the cat, was able to feast on horse steak. Later, disappointed no doubt at the failure of its vendetta (it has been kicked so often!), the sideboard disdainfully disgorged its key, which it had been concealing in a rolled-up table napkin.

That time it had lost, but it would get us next time. Next time came, and within its hermetically sealed flanks our crockery could be heard shifting in inexplicable but only too destructive avalanches. Several soup plates, boldly set atop a pile of cups with an aerial sense of architecture that betrayed Cathie's touch, met an early end in that incident. "It's just like Milhaud's *La Création du Monde,*" Alberte observed, rather pedantically. But Pauline was uttering cries of joy: Amid the wreckage she had found her silver Christening mug, which had been missing for several weeks. Pensively, Cathie considered the disaster area. "You know, one day you're going to have to buy a new sideboard," she commented. She understood us.

I hardly dare think about the light bulbs. From the rate at which we consume them, you would be led to imagine vast rivers of light, state balls à la Louis-Philippe, the Galeries Lafayette at Christmas, Orly, the Ritz, the Elysée Palace. In our house they take delight in abrupt explosions, in mysterious disappearing tricks, in amazing metamorphoses, in perverse experiments. Painted blue, daubed with yellow, like Achilles they prefer a short and glorious existence to a long but obscure life under a lampshade (though as it happens we don't have any lampshades, only plastic globes whose advantage is that, once heated to the right temperature, they acquire a softness and plasticity that make it possible to mould them like Plasticine). The secret life of the light bulbs in our house would need a whole book. And we have become resigned to treating them like young ladies from the *corps de ballet* in a Balzac novel, like mistresses that cost you far too much, always deceive you, always leave you, but are nevertheless quite indispensable. But what really upsets us is the curtains. Why is it that in the houses we live in there are never any curtains?

But there are some things that do like us. Kites, for instance. Mexican money boxes, a series of tiny mocking faces strung up over the piano. And musical instruments. For my eldest son, that means banjo, guitar, saxophone, clarinet, bongos, and various other percussion instruments from time to time. For my daughter Alberte, it means the piano; for me, an accompanist's guitar; for my husband, a violin that he scarcely ever plays but from whose plump presence he draws some sort of secret satisfaction. And in the person of Catherine, the angel from Nor-

(Continued on page 120)

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Cheeky little gel

The days are longer, the birds are noisier, the sun is higher and hotter, and your wan little face deserves a rousing reward for having been so brave all winter. Bonne Bell has a pair of newsy gels (nothing is newsier than gels to begin with) that will put a velvet bloom on your skin in seconds. Transparent Blushing Gel is for rosiness—cheeks, brow, chin. One chum warms her complexion with it before making up, then adds, discreetly, as the day goes on. Bronzing Gel is to gild you as if you had been sunning on a faraway beach. A once-over produces an elegant biscuit-tan. More Bronzing Gel—deeper colour. As deep as you like.

March hair

The wet Spring wind that used to capsize your hairdo has finally met its match. The Dep people, early achievers in care of the hair, have got out a new and virtually invincible item called Super Protein Holding Hair Spray. It is, of course, rich with protein, that miraculous substance that tames and glosses, soothes split ends and builds body. Above and beyond all this, it has a unique specialty called Prosteen which is said to keep your hair in shape whatever the humidity. Further, it contains a water soluble, so you can wetcomb without worry.

The naked eye

Who can deny that putting on eye makeup is a lot more fun than taking it off. Still, if you want cheery eye-whites, off come the lashes, the shadow, the lot—before you hit the pillow. So Max Factor has decided to humour us and make the drill more entertaining, with Eye Makeup Remover Stick, a new and strikingly effective cleaner-upper, housed in a neat swivel no bigger than your lipstick. The formula itself is apparently quite unique. It involves no detergents, yet its own special layout of emollients manages to erase eye-glop like greased lightning.

For perfume—the envelope, please

New travelling perfume act—for going around the world, around the corner, or just around. The Jovan people have packaged their Mink & Pearls perfume in the most portable way: soaked into little cotton squares, and sealed into foil-lined paper envelopes. Called Mink & Pearls Perfume Packettes, forty-eight fan out as a package. . . .

AMERICANS MAKING IT IN LONDON

An American's slant on the ways—from food to anti-Americanism—that "pushy colonials" have risen to the top in the olde country

BY JOHN CROSBY

For an American to make it big in London is an uphill struggle against hordes of snooty English who have. S. J. Perelman, our most recent emigré, has written that the British have "taken courses from Creative Humiliations Associates, Ltd." in putting down pushy colonials (which is what they think we are). Just the same, England is slowly sinking under the weight of Americans coming to live here, many of them making out very well.

There are various ways to go about this. One is to out-English the English. Yes, it can be done. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is almost more British than the Union Jack and I never see him without humming "God Save the Queen" under my breath. (He knows Her Majesty quite well; in fact, the whole Royal Family.) During World War II, Fairbanks in naval uniform, covered virtually from head to foot in decorations, appeared in White's, London's most exclusive club. "Who's that?" said a dazzled visitor. "Captain Hornblower," said a wry Briton.

Gore Vidal: Dripping witticisms and world weariness

Another is Gore Vidal. Gore doesn't live here but he honours us with a visit now and then (if we're good), appears on television and at the very best parties, dripping witticisms and world weariness. No one in England has dared to be that languid since Oscar Wilde. Some Americans out-British the British, not so much in their personalities, as in their works. You can hardly find a film more British than *The Servant,* directed by American Joseph Losey, or than *The Guns of Navarone* written and produced by Carl Foreman (who resents being called a Hollywood film producer because he's lived in London longer than he lived in Hollywood).

Some Americans go to the opposite extreme. They go American, becoming almost more American here than they were in Kansas City. They remind me of that British colony in Hollywood that used to wear neck scarfs and British jackets emblazoned with all sorts of weird crests on the pockets and drink tea on the lawn. In London we have Victor Lownes, who introduced those symbols of American culture, *Playboy* magazine and the Playboy Club, bunnies and all—both doing well. More recently Victor Lownes has had with Peter Morton a huge success with his Great American Disaster, a restaurant which is nothing more or less than Hamburg Heaven on Fulham Road. You get giant hamburgers (the British have had hamburgers before but not good ones) topped by salad with Roquefort dressing and chocolate cake with ice cream, dishes as bizarre and exotic here as peacocks' tongues. Pretty London dollies queue up for half an hour to eat these American delicacies.

American food itself has only recently begun to climb out from under an undeserved reputation for beastliness (earned largely because British correspondents in America are too badly paid to eat in anything but the worst restaurants). My British wife now serves guests American cheesecake (British cheesecake is dreadful), cornbread, Caesar salad, and when we can get it, Jones sausage (which makes British sausage taste like the sawdust it is). The British love it.

Some American institutions here are doing well for all the wrong reasons. The Drugstore on King's Road is a British imitation of a French imitation (on the Champs-Élysées) of an American Drugstore. A Drugstore twice removed, as it were. It's made of sheets of polished copper and glass, sells psychedelic neckties, costume jewellery, warm British beer, but no sodas or drugs, and is about as American as the Taj Mahal. A Briton once remarked of our early American furniture that we were doing Hepplewhite by memory and not getting it quite right. Similarly, the Drugstore is an American Drugstore by rumour.

American plays do very well here but hardly ever for the right reasons either. I once took a British girl to that domestic ferocity *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Afterwards, she said frostily: "British married couples don't behave *quite* like that" (implying that American homelife is just like that). The British also flocked to Mart Crowley's homosexual revel, *The Boys in the Band,* under the impression it was a fairly accurate picture of life in the colonies.

On the other hand the British have enjoyed the musical *1776* under the impression it's a strictly fictional Graustarkian romp in periwigs. No Briton ever heard of the American Revolution; they think Peter Stone made the whole thing up. Very amusing. Many English think General Patton (the film *Patton* is a big hit) is a sort of American James Bond, a fictional character. I tried to tell two English girls I took to see *Bonnie and Clyde* that Bonnie and Clyde had actually existed. They just laughed.

There is still a lot of anti-Americanism around, not only in England but all over Europe, Americans being held guilty now for everything that goes wrong anywhere on earth. The British novelist Nancy Mitford holds us personally responsible for the twentieth century, the whole bloody mess. Anti-Americanism has run like a thin red-white-and-blue thread through British fiction for generations. To John Buchan (he wrote *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and dozens of other pre-World War I thrillers), Americans are clowns. To Graham Greene, we're boors and villains.

This, I'm afraid, is an accurate reflection of what many Britons think of Americans *in general.* But then they tell you with a sweet smile, that of course, *you're* not at all like most Americans; they think it a compliment, which it certainly isn't. The English have done this sort of mental doublethink for years. They like to think of America as a cultural wasteland while honouring such Americans as Henry James, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, and T. S. Eliot, all of whom lived in London and were the greatest influences in their day on the novel, painting, and poetry. They were Americans, but *not really.*

Bob Dylan: Worshipped as anti-American

Similarly the young British worship at the shrine of Bob Dylan, the late Jimi Hendrix, the pop designer Peter Max who recently had an exhibition here, screen director Mike Nichols, and other youth-cult heroes because they are considered not so much Americans as anti-Americans.

There are recurrent blasts in the press about American business taking over ownership of British Industry lock, stock, and barrel and there is some truth in this. You can walk into any supermarket (itself an American innovation) in London and find the shelves stocked with Chase & Sanborn coffee, Wrigley's chewing gum, Heinz soups, Kellogg's corn flakes just as if you were home in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. But success in business here is not simply a matter of bombing in with plenty of capital and know how. "Britain is still run by about four hundred people," said an American businessman here. "And you have to get to know them and the rules. You had better have a British chairman of the board, British solicitor, and British accountant—or you won't get off the ground."

One American businessman made a pitch to a British consortium with a very expensive, very detailed, very American seventy-page presentation (with a Lucite cover), analyzing past mistakes, showing how they could be put right, and guaranteeing to treble the business. It was rejected. "I have looked over your polyethylene bag of tricks," drawled the British head of the group. "You have made us all look pretty stupid. Believe me that's not the way to sell anything here."

Socially, London is a very tough nut but American hostesses—Jennie Jerome (Winston Churchill's mother) and Nancy Astor to name only two—have managed to crack it for generations. Evangeline Bruce (wife of David, our best ambassador since Ben Franklin) was one of the most popular London hostesses in

recent memory and her parties at the Embassy residence mixed young and old, artists and writers, social figures, Royals, marvellously well.

Fred Astaire, Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra: Big splashes

For some reason, American show-business figures have actually done better socially here than in New York (to name a few names—the late Gilbert Miller, Fred and Adele Astaire, Danny Kaye, and Frank Sinatra, all of whom have made a big social splash here). Today, playwright and screenwriter George Axelrod and his wife Joan are carrying on the tradition with big parties at their huge house in Chester Square that bring together the young swinging English set and the Hollywood crowd (what's left of it) in one big bag.

Jack and Drue Heinz's annual party is an institution at which you find everyone from British Dukes to the Kenneth Tynans. Fleur Cowles (Mrs. Tom Meyer), still as American as apple pie, has become almost a member of the British Establishment and at her parties you find everyone from King Constantine of Greece to the Walter Lippmanns. A good many American girls have married into the social scenery here: the former Slim Hayward (once Mrs. Leland Hayward) is now married to Sir Kenneth Keith; Pamela Colin, an American editor, is now Lady Harlech, wife of the former Ambassador to the United States. Publisher Sir George Weidenfeld's wife is another American (the former Sandra Payson, Jock Whitney's niece) whose parties are large and legendary in London.

Oh, yes, we make out—some of us—very well here—until suddenly you are brought up short by some Briton who has just taken a degree in Creative Humiliations. I was once at a grand British wine-tasting dinner, chatting away to a British friend, when a white-haired Empire Loyalist type of Englishman flared at me from under beetling brows and snorted: "Why are you talking with an American accent?" "Because I'm American," I said. "Good God!" he exclaimed, thunderstruck. I think I was the first American he'd ever actually laid eyes on. He'd *heard* of them but he didn't think such creatures existed. I mean *not really!* ▼

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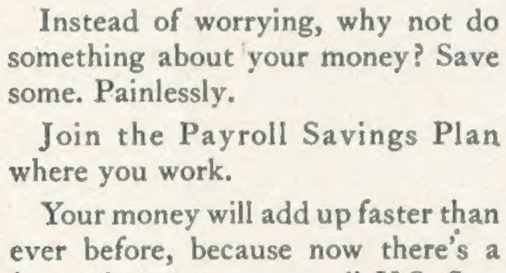
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PAPER HOUSE

(Continued from page 117)

mandy who passed her adolescence with us, from the age of fourteen till the age of eighteen, we possessed a most persevering flutist. Dolores is our queen of the flamenco. Daniel continues to preside over ephemeral but very noisy jazz combos. (One of his most successful was forced to break up after having disappointed a frenzied crowd at Arcueil-Cachan one July 14, partly by playing too often in discord and partly by eventually collapsing in a drunken stupor all over the *tricolore*-decorated dais.) Lastly, we once acquired an Indian thrush that was supposed to imitate the human voice. But, having first expressed its carefully calculated scorn of us by barking like the dog, it turned its attention to the musical field, decided that the radio and television were its rivals in our home, and trained itself to produce piercing and supraornithological sounds up and down a scale so vast and so varied in tone that it compared favourably with the voice of Yma Sumac, descendant of the Incas, American nightingale.

Other things that are happy living with us are: dolls, kaleidoscopes, empty jars (without lids), oddly shaped bottles (the objects of a collective hope that they will one day transform themselves into lamps), shoes. (No pair of shoes, however worn out, can ever bring itself to leave us. In the end, worn out with hoping, Daniel, who is an enterprising boy, nailed them up, temporarily but in quantity, on the walls of his room. That way at least we knew where they were.) Also string, rolls of Scotch tape, bashed-in wicker baskets, squares of multicoloured cloth (too small to be used as bedspreads), shawls. (How can you go out in a shawl three yards long? Still, the cats are very fond of it.) And books, brooches, stretchers without any canvas, canvases without frames, rusty cocktail shakers and pastry knives that have appeared from nowhere, and medicines that no one takes. Bent nails. Files in which nothing has ever been filed. No fountain pen or toothbrush has ever been disloyal enough to abandon us. Keys, apart from being given to practical jokes at our expense, also never cease increasing in numbers; a great many of the ones in our house, big and small, have certainly never belonged to any lock. Some of them are no bigger than your fingernail.

Were we a Lilliputian family in some former life? I gaze down at one in a dream. I have never owned a jewel box, or any box that had such a key to lock it with, any coffer or casket of microscopic size . . . A money box? A case for a tiny golden comb? The sewing box we have always dreamed of but, like the curtains, have never seen arrive? "Don't worry," Pauline says, surprising me at my reverie. "It will grow up too, like the others. It's just a bit backward, that's all." ▼

LIVE RICH!

(Continued from page 113)

blue ones. I lost mine and went over to where Mr. Lee was standing, looking at people. "Don't you ever play?" I asked.

"No, Ruthie. If I won, it wouldn't mean all that, and if I lost, I'd feel bad."

Marcella and her sisters came from Worcester, Mass. In a *Passing Show,* at the Winter Garden, do you remember a blond beauty? That was Marcella.

Once she showed up in a play. How inappropriate can a black dress and white cap and apron look? That's how they looked on Marcella.

When *we* met her it was at Mr. Soulé's Pavillon. "This is my wife," said Mr. Lee.

Her Paris dress was appropriate.

"Why don't you get somebody to give you a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" asked Mr. Lee. "That's what Eben Jordan gave Richard Mansfield."

Mr. Lee had plenty of hundred and fifty thousands, should I get it from him? We were standing on Tremont Street, in Boston, in front of the Majestic. "Is this your theatre? I saw Forbes-Robertson play *Hamlet* here."

"Come in, we've done it over. Come see it, it looks beautiful."

Did you ever enter a theatre with Mr. Lee Shubert? Did you ever enter Balmoral Castle with Queen Victoria? I imagine it was one and the same.

The theatre was dark, the stage brightly lit.

"Oh, they're having a rehearsal," I said and drew back.

"Come!" he beckoned.

"We'll disturb them."

"Who is in here?" he asked a bowing silhouette.

"The Theatre Guild, Mr. Lee."

"Put some house lights on." He walked down the centre aisle. "Come with me," he beckoned.

"Hello, Mr. Lee," said Terry Helburn, sitting where Elliot Norton would sit opening night.

"Hello, Mr, Lee." Lawrence Langner sat across the aisle in Elinor Hughes's seat.

Onstage little groups were talking.

"See how it's all redone?" said Mr. Lee proudly. A rehearsal was their business, his was his beautiful theatre.

I pointed to the gallery. "I sat up there to see Olive Wyndham in *What Happened to Mary?* It was in the back benches and I saw it for only a quarter."

"They're scaled higher. You got to get more than a quarter or they think the show's no good. Get somebody to back you. That's how Richard Mansfield got started, the money came out of this town. You know Jordan Marsh's department store? That's where the money came from. Eben Jordan. He gave Mansfield a hundred and fifty thousand and Mansfield put on *Candida* and some others. *Man and Superman.* Well, some of them did O.K."

If you don't like somebody, can you tell a story about them the same as if you liked them? Arthur Hopkins told how Lee Shubert referred to Duse as La Dooze and when Nazimova was brought up from Second Avenue, Mr. Lee called her Madame Moozie and called *A Doll's House's* author Isben. That's what Arthur said, but when Mr. Lee told us about booking her into one of their theatres he didn't call her Madame Moozie, he said her name right. I don't know how he said Ibsen. At our Lindy lunches the subject never came up, but I bet Mr. Lee said it right. Anyway, when Arthur Hopkins died, some of his friends thought the Shuberts should change the name of the Plymouth Theatre to the Arthur Hopkins. I asked Mr. Lee if he was going to. He said no.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I don't want a house called the Arthur Hopkins."

He said that name right. He didn't say Hokpins, so why would he say Isben? ▼



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